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The *Proceſſionade*,
The *'Piſcopade*,
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AND THE

Paſquinade, with *Notes variorum*.

LONDON:

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BL

THE

CAUSIDICADE.

A Panegyri-Satiri-Serio-Comic-Dramatical

POEM,

ON THE

STRANGE *Reſignation*,

AND

STRANGER-*Promotion*.

Difficile eſt vulpi Sociam decipere vulpem. Tib.

——————*Ridentem dicere verum*

Quid vetat?—————— Hor.

By PORCUPINUS PELAGIUS.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Devouring Bears
Hungry Wolves
Cheating Foxes
Biting Badgers
Sucking Hedgehogs
Thieving Weaſels
Gnawing Rats

Ravenous Vultures
Voracious Kites
Griping Hawks
Greedy Rooks
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} Beaſts, Birds, and Vermin of Prey.

Baſiliſcs
Cockatrices
Serpents
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Adders
Spiders

} Poiſonous Vermin.

SCENE, a large ſpacious *Salon*, decorated with *Gallic* and *Iſteric* Spoils.

Fools, Bubbles, and other Waiters and Attendants paſſing and repaſſing.

THE

CAUSIDICADE.

THE *Inquiſitor Gen'ral* reſigning his Place,
As, wiſely, foreſeeing approaching Diſgrace;
Or to croſs his proud Rival, and ſo raiſe
his *Brother*,
In Fee with the *S——ls*, or for ſome Cauſe or other,
Oblig'd from his Poſt to advance or retreat,
He chus'd e'en the laſt, for merely the State
And Parade of Appearance, in ſpeaking the Second;
In his Cap a mere Feather, as moſt People reckon'd.
Thus a Captain of Horſe his Commiſſion gives up;
To be only the Dexter-Hand Man of the Troop.

Lo, the Preſident ſate! the Son of Good-Luck,
Whom Fortune wrapt early up cloſe in her Smock.

A Noſegay, compos'd of the Flow'rs of the Fields,
And eke of the Gardens, he daintily wields:
Whilſt one of his Lilly-white Hands he employs
To play with his Noſtrils this fineſt of Toys,
His Brains to regale, and his Judgment reſtore;
With the other he ſtroaks down his Wig all before:
So handſome he look'd, thus equipt, on the Bench,
You'd have ſwore 'twas Lord *Fanny*, or ſome pretty Wench.

He open'd the Cauſe why they met, with a Voice
So wond'rouſly ſweet and peculiarly choice,
That, charming himſelf, he quite charm'd all the Bar;
The Croud will admire what's above them, and ſtare.
The *Congé d'elire* for the Purpoſe he read,
But the D-v-l a Word of mock Prayers was ſaid,
Like a D——n and his Ch———ter in Caſe of a Biſhop,
But each was permitted to ſet his own Wiſh-up;
For the Man, he declar'd, whoſe Pretenſions were beſt,
Shou'd enjoy the *Inquiſitor's Office* and Veſt;
And, not to diſcourage th' Unlearn'd or the Dunce,
He ſaid he'd been honour'd himſelf with them once.

In a Croud indiſtinct each Candidate-Brawler,
From the *Zenith* of *B——tle* to the *Nadir* of *W——ll——r*,
Made

Made out his Pretenſions; Quo' the laſt, hear my Claim,
Tho' I know not much Law, yet I know how to game.
In the Year *One-and-Twenty* I ſet up a Bubble,
Which tho' it had like to have coſt me ſome Trouble,
Yet howe'er, with good Cunning I clearly got off,
By the Help of the Statute, and now I ſtand Buff.
To ſhew you, however, I am not a Novice,
And the Bent of my Genius falls in with this Office,
I battled Sir *H—mphrey*, and got him indicted,
And then to the Fleet as a Pris'ner committed.
" Who's that? quo' my Lord, I ne'er ſaw him before,"
(He opens a Cauſe now and then and no more,
Ch——s W—ll—r his Name, the Regiſter ſaid,
A Great *Mine Adventurer*, in Copper and Lead)
' Tho' all you've advane'd, Sir, perhaps may be true,
' Yet they are not the Qualifications will do;
' It becomes ill a Counſel to make Affidavit:
' With a Gown and Aſſurance to ſtrut thus and brave it,
' Gives you little Pretence to ſucceed in your Din,
' An Aſs is no Lion for wearing his Skin.
' Beſides, you're miſtaken, I doubt, in the Bar,
' Where you Father ſtood Trial, you're fitter by far."

Pert *L——y* puſh'd on; See, my Lord, here I come,
Above all *Niſi-prius* Men much the beſt Drum;

I can

I can talk, croſs-examine, and bluſter and rattle,
Confound and clear up, and Tittle and Tattle:
A very good Lawyer, as Lawyers now go,
I'm ſure this great Office on me you'll beſtow.
'I'm ſure you're miſtaken, his Lordſhip reply'd,
'I find you're no Conj'rer, nor *Prophet* beſide.
'Think you ev'ry conceited, pragmatical Fellow
'Is to make his Pretenſions, becauſe he can bellow?
'Whoſe Sire was a Seer, and a Saint full of Grace,
'Might, methinks, have foreſeen and foreſtall'd this
'Diſgrace.'

Then *Ch—te* and *L-ke R-b--ſ-n* enter'd the Liſt,
An adventurous Pair, as true as e'er piſt!
Eury'lus and *Niſus* t' each other ne'er were,
Nor *Oreſtes* and *Pylades*, truly ſo dear.
Quo *Ch—te*, tho' I might to this Office pretend,
Yet I'd rather your Lordſhip would give it my Friend;
He and I ſtood for Members, when Caſh we had none,
And both our Eſtates ſcarce ſufficient for one.
The Man has ſome Merit, tho' few can believe it,
Look thro' a Microſcope, then you'll perceive it.
Not ſo, cries the gen'rous *L-ke*, ſtanding out,
Have Regard, I beſeech you, to Merit and *Ch--te*;
Well vers'd in the Law Books, and, tho' he can't cite

A Caſe at a Pinch, he can make one out-right.
I own, it is true, at the very ſame Rate
I ſet up for Member without an Eſtate;
Without Law I might aſk, what by Merit is *Frank*'s.
Give it him, my good Lord, you'll have *R-b—ſ-n*'s Thanks.
'It is, quo the Preſident, Pity, I ſwear,
'That I cannot oblige now ſo peerleſs a Pair,
'Whoſe gen'rous Contention to favour each other,
'Proves giving to one, wou'd be giving his Brother.
'But to the Regret of you both, and to all
'Who know of your Merit in *W-m—r H-ll*,
'You muſt deprecate firſt the iraſcible Wrath
'Of that ſteady great Patriot, my good Lord of *B—b*.

As next in Pretence, up ſtarts Mr. *N—l*;
Me your Lordſhip, quo he, does certainly know-well.
If a Gentleman born, and Deſcent of high Blood,
And Knowledge of Law, which I think pretty good;
If oft being mention'd in all the News Papers,
At ev'ry Promotion, as one of the Gapers,
Can intitle a Man to the Place in Diſpute,
I preſume that with Juſtice I can't be left out.
'Your Gentility, Blood, (ſays my Lord) nor your Skill,
'Nor for good Preferment the Luſt of your Will,

'I

'I call not in Doubt, but I pray you go Home,
'For this Time, at leaſt, as your Hour is not come.'

Then *P—f—t* ſtood up with his long rueful Face,
And was like to have cry'd, when he aſk'd for the Place.

A puritan Saint, in Appearance he ſeem'd,
Whilſt Grace and the Goſpel all over him gleam'd!
It is now, I believe, near a dozen Years ſince
(Quo' he) I firſt ſerv'd, as a L-wy-r, the *Pr—ce*.
In this Quality ſtill I am left and forgot,
To ſtick like a Poſt at a Corner, and rot;
Too long have I watch'd at *Bethesda*'s old Pool,
Whilſt others get in, and at once are made whole.
The Cloak and the Band, it is very well known,
I've, like *R—d—r*, declin'd for the Sake of this Gown:
But he's been above me preferr'd long ago,
And e'en my Collegue, Goody *F—t—ſc—e* too,
And five or ſix more; but what moſtly I grudge,
Is that the contemptible *A——n——y's* a J—e;
Beſides the Dunce *P——r*, at laſt made *Ch——— B——n*,
Your Fav'rite, my Lord; indeed a moſt rare one!
A Name once deteſted in the Eye of the Law,
But your Lordſhip is grateful——no more——Hem Haw.

The

The Scripture——— 'The Scripture declares of our
'Side,'
(His Lordſhip, confoundedly nettled, reply'd)
'That an Aſs ſpoke aloud in articulate Voice:
'Wou'd you preach t'us, or pray? you've made a wrong
Choice.
'This unrighteous Profeſſion I'd have you forego,
'And preach in the Cloak, Lamentations and Woe;
'Or th' Obedience of Wives to their Huſbands always,
'On Pain of b'ing Horſewhipp'd, and *lick'd without Stays.*'

If that be the Caſe, cries out *Ow-n*, my Lord,
I humbly beſeech you to ſpare me a Word.
As ſolemn grave Looks, and a queer Kind of Face,
And a cold holy Tone, are unlikely to paſs,
How the Devil can I ever hope to ſucceed?
'You deſcribe yourſelf well, Mr. *Ow-n* indeed:
'But be pleas'd to obſerve (my Lord Preſident ſpoke)
'We count on a Head, not a Face or a Look.
'And as to a Head for the Law, your Pretence
'Indeed is but little, as little's your Senſe;
'You'd better continue at th' Head of your Queer-
ones;
'You've enough for an *Elder* among Presbyterians.'

Bold, ſelf-ſufficient, and puff'd to the Height
Of proud Affectation and aukward Conceit,
Uproſe Mr. *F-rd*, Eighteen 'gainſt a Dozen
I'll wager, quo' he, that I'm the Man choſen:
For as to my Head, all my Brethren well know,
'Tis brimful of Law and of Arguments too;
In Witneſs whereof, Lo! the Pleadings I give,
They'll ſtand whilſt old Law and good Argument live;
The like were ne'er heard ſince the Days of old *Holt*.
'Soon ſhot, ſays the Proverb, is *ſomebody*'s Bolt'
(Quo' the Preſident gravely, by Way of Reply)
'There's a Dearth of good L-wy-rs no Man can deny,
'When *F—d*'s Affectations are taken for Law;
'E're you boaſt of your Pleadings, pray firſt learn to
'draw.'

Now that *Drawing* you mention, *with humble Submiſſion*,
Bellows *Hoſ—ns* aloud, 'Tis my piteous Condition:
For many long Years have I drudg'd in that Way,
Where great is the Labour, but little the Pay:
Unthank'd by our Clients, and never encourag'd,
By our Brethren well-laſh'd, and by Courts e'er diſparag'd;
On all Sides ill-us'd, never gaining Applauſe,
Altho' we're the Founders of every Cauſe.

To

To reward then my Toil, and to eaſe my hard Caſe,
It wou'd be moſt kind if you'd give me the Place.
'All this, my Lord anſwer'd, I doubt, is too true,
'But the Place I'm afraid, is too ard'ous for you.
'A Draughtſman is uſeful I needs muſt allow,
'And perhaps may have rational Faculties too:
'Twould be acting a Farce quite out of the Way,
'T' equip with a Saddle an Horſe for the Dray.'

Next *W—br—m* attempted, but cou'd not apply,
As if he conceiv'd the Promotion too high;
Of Succeſs very diffident, fain had withdrawn,
'Till his Lordſhip, t' encourage him, bid him go on.
Such Parts, ſuch Endowments, and Skill in the Laws,
As, my Lord, I'm poſſeſs'd of, ſcarce merit Applauſe:
But if this high Office ſhou'd fall to my Share,
My Defect in the Laws I'll ſupply by my Care.
'Sir, anſwer'd Lord Preſident, as to your Merit,
'Tis too-well eſtabliſh'd and known, you ſhou'd fear it;
'But there's an Objection, I own, of the oddeſt,
'Which ſtands in your Way—you're really too modeſt.
'It requires an Aſſurance, and one who can puſh-on,
'As witneſs the Wight who was laſt in Poſſeſſion.'

Then *W—ly*, fam'd Chief of the *Gazetteer* Legions,
Who writ with *The. Cibber* t' amuſe Country Gudgeons;

If Merit is meaſur'd, quo' th' Author by Braſs,
Pray how was your Lordſhip prefer'd to the Place?
But ſince 'tis ſo uſeful, it ſerves my Deſign,
Lo! I've given an Inſtance the Prize muſt be mine.
'Your Claim in that Point, quo' my Lord, I muſt own;
'For ſure in Aſſurance you're firſt of the Gown.
'It wou'd be a *Miracle* ſhou'd you ſucceed,
'As even your good Client *W—lſt—n* might heed;
But the Gown and the Band no more make the Lawyer,
As I've hinted before, than the Buſkin the Player.

'Very right, quo' *Tom B—tle*, no more than an Ape
Can make out a J—ge, for the Furr and the Cap.
Some very odd Tricks, very lately, were play'd,
I can't yet forget the laſt Chief that was made:
That with my *Ch—ll—r's* Place, were, forſooth!
For me deem'd too much, tho' too little in Truth.
And as to the Prize in Contention, d'ye ſee,
The Reſigner has made it unworthy of me;
'Tis the Poſt that wants Me, not I want the Poſt,
By your under-hand Dealings *T—m B—tle* you've loſt:
Beſides, who e'er has it muſt act by Directions,
Like *L—chm—re*, I ſcorn to be curb'd in my Actions.

Here

Here happen'd a Pauſe, then a Murmur enſu'd,
His Lordſhip look veil'd, like the Sun in a Cloud;
When Silence was broke by good Co-nc-llor *Ll——d*,
K——g's C——l I am, and of Merit not void,
I ſtand as it were, next Oars in my Title,
Beſides my Pretenſions by Blood's not a little:
From the brave antient *Britons* my Lineage is ſprung,
The Roll of my Pedigree's fifty Yards long!
The firſt of my Anceſtors held this ſame Place,
In the Reign of King *Lucius*, the firſt King of *Grace*.
'Not Merit of Anceſtry here will ſuffice,
'Quo' my Lord, nor the Length of your Roll or Device;
'Tho' oft in the Papers Preferment you get,
'His Majeſty hardly has heard of you yet.'

His Claim, as firſt Oars, *B—r* flatly deny'd,
And ſaid, when he'd clear'd up the Caſe on that Side,
Tho' perhaps as to Law he may carry the Bell,
In Equity I, my Lord, ſurely excel.
'Tis known we've had ONE in this Office before,
Who ne'er read a Book of the C-mm-n Law o'er;
And tho' at the Head of a C—rt none look'd bigger,
As *Inqu'ſiter* only, he made a queer Figure:
Nay, an old Law Record in Court-hand cou'd not read,
(Peace and Reſt to his Soul, for now he is dead)

And

And therefore he'd often been put to a Stand,
Had *F—z—k-r—y* drudg'd not, and lent him a Hand.
There's a Precedent now !—Quo my Lord, 'Mr. *B—n*,
' Speak well of the Dead, is a Proverb well known.
' One Swallow a Summer, 'tis ſaid, never makes,
' So one ſingle Caſe, howe'er pat, ſeldom takes.
' Think well how you ſtand, you're a Fav'rite with All
' The Practicers here, both the Great and the Small:
' You did them much Service, you ſtood in the Gap,
' They only by you Tranſportation eſcape ;
' Whilſt all the Law-Members had dropt them but you,
' They've been grateful, and brought you to Practice,
' 'tis true,
' And ſtill will do more ; remain where you are,
' Your Gains will be greater, and leſſer your Care.'

'In the Front of the Crowd then appear'd Mr.
G—nd—y,
To this Office, quo' he, my Pretences are ſundry;
Imprimis my Merit, e'en great as t' attract
His M—j—y's Notice, ſo nice and exact,
As lately to call me th' Inſide of the Bar,
From among the Rear-guard ; poor Souls ! how they
ſtare !

Which

Which is plain that he meant me ſome further Preferment,
More worthy my Learning, my Parts and Diſcernment,
More Claims I might urge, but this, I inſiſt on,
Is ſufficient to merit the Office in Queſtion.
Then the Preſident thus, ‘ You're too full of Surmiſes,
‘ The Man who is ſtiff, like an Oak, ſeldom riſes,
‘ As witneſs *T—m B——tle*; but he who can bend,
‘ Like a Reed, or *T—m P——r*, ne'er wants a good Friend.
‘ To riſe you muſt fall, 'tis the Way thro' the Doors
‘ Now a-days of Perferment, to creep on all Fours.'

Up *K—t—l—y* ſtarts with an *horrible Stare!*
Behold, my good Lord, your old Friend at the Bar,
Or rather old Foe, for Foes we have been,
As Treaſon fell out, and poor Traitors fell in.
Strong Oppoſites e'er, and not once of a Side,
Attornies will always great Counſel divide.
You *for* Perſecutions, I always *againſt*,
How oft with a Joke 'gainſt your Law have I fenc'd?
How oft in your Pleadings I've pick'd out a Hole,
Thro' which from your Pounces my *Culprit* I've ſtole?

Iv'e

I've puzzl'd againſt you now Eight Years or Nine,
You, my Lord, for your K—g, I *A——l* for mine.
But what is all this? Now your Lordſhip will ſay,
To get at the Office this is not the Way.
I own it is not, ſo I make no Requeſt
For myſelf, ſtill firm to my Party and Teſt:
But if 'tis your Pleaſure to give it my Son,
He ſhall take off his Coif t' accept of the Boon;
That Coif I, refuſing, transferr'd upon him,
For who'd be a *S—rg—nt* where *P----r* was Prime?
That my Son is a L—wy—r no one can gainſay,
As witneſs his getting off *W——te* t'other Day.
Quo' my Lord, 'My Friend *Ab—l*, I needs muſt allow,
'You have puzzl'd me oft, as indeed you do now:
'Nay, have puzzl'd yourſelf, the Court and the Law,
'And chuckl'd moſt wittily over a Flaw:
'For your *Noſtrums*, *Enigma's*, *Conundrums*, and *Puns*
'Are above Comprehenſion, ſave that of your Son's,
'To fling off the Coif!—Oh fye! my Friend *A—l*,
'Twould be acting the Part of the Cock in the Fable!
'Tis a Badge of Diſtinction! and ſome People buy it;
'Can you doubt on't, when *Sk—r* and *H—y—d* enjoy it?

'Tho'

'Tho' I own you have ſpoil'd (but I will not enlarge on't)
'A good Chancery Draughtſman to make a bad S--jn--t.'

When ſtrait a weak Voice was heard, crying out,
Like ſome poor old Woman's pent up in a But.
All took it for granted 'twas Ch— J--ſt-ce *W—*,
But who ſhou'd it be, but my good Maſter *M—lls?*
Here I have been waiting, quo' he, near an Hour,
To put my Demand in, but cou'd not before:
Too modeſt, my Lord, in the Croud I've been loſt,
(But I hope not, like *W—lbr—m*, to miſs of the Poſt)
You know my Ability and my Pretence;
I've been great among all the great Counſel of Senſe;
I've anſwer'd for each when they chanc'd to be gone,
To p—ſs or drink Tea, as the Motion came on.
My Snuff-box has e'er been in common, you know,
For your Lordſhip has frequently dipt in't e're now.
'Very right, old Acquaintance, and C—nſellor learn'd,
'Their Notice, like *Stump*, you have uſefully earn'd,
'He opes their Coach Doors, juſt as you do your Box,
'Like you he accoſts them, and like you he talks;
'I have heard your Friend *M-ad* ſay it often, and true,
'So impertinent none, nor ſo uſeful, as you;

'Not your Modeſty makes you of th' Office fall ſhort,
'But that you are really too impudent for't.'

Then a Buſtle enſu'd, with a Call of my Lord,
In the Midſt of the Crowd, pray hear *R-b-n O——d.*
The Crier cry'd Room for the 'Squire in the *North*,
The Crowd made an Opening, and, lo! he comes forth,
With a wide-ſpreading, flat, orbicular Phiz,
As large as the Moon in its Fulneſs of Size!
And a Head of a wond'rous Protub'rance behind,
By that Planet affected and th' Eaſterly Wind.
My — my Pretenſions, my — my Right to this Poſt,
Is —*(where the De'il is my Speech?)*— by Gad it is loſt.
But —*(ſearching his Pockets)*— you know well my Right,
Son-and-Heir t' an Attorney, Son-in-Law to a Knight;
'Tis hard, if, betwixt them, I ſhould not be fit.
'Not ſo hard, quo' the Preſident, neither, 'tis plain
'On the Block that is knotty the Chizel's in vain,
'And is't not by daily Experience found,
'Twixt a Couple of Stools *ſomething* falls to the Ground;

'From

'From your old Brace of Fathers no Merit you draw,
'Tho' one was a kind of a Sage in the L—w;
'But to mention the other, indeed! you ought not,
'His *Fun'ral Proceſſion* will ne'er be forgot.'

Next *C—pb—l*, approaching, put in for the Spoil;
From the *Highlands* deſcended, and th' Houſe of *A—ll*,
To Parliament ſent in Purſuance of th' Union,
To maintain 'gainſt Sir *R-b-rt* the People's Opinion.
My Poſt being vacant, I put in at once-for't,
Tho' I'm really aſham'd to be under Dame *P--f--t*;
As under the *Pr—ce* I now hold the ſame Thing,
As, what I'm contending for, under the K—g,
I think I'm intitled; my Right then pronounce,
When to *C—mpb—l* you give it, —— you give it no Dunce.
To be ſkill'd in the *Roman* and old *Scottiſh* Laws,
And of late in the *Engliſh*, add Weight to my Cauſe.
'Notwithſtanding you look ſo wond'rouſly big,
'The Length of your Viſage and eke of your Wig!
'I muſt own, quo' Lord Preſident, to you ſincerely,
'The Preferment you have is rather too early:

'And therefore, until your Pretenſions are ſtronger,
'You muſt drudge, with your Partner, ſtill on ſomewhat longer:
'For Spite of your Knowledge, your Country and Clan,
'And your Seat in the Ch—pp—l, you are not the Man.'

Then *Cl—ke*, who ſat ſnug all this while in his Place,
Roſe up, and put forward his Ebony Face.
I have Reaſon, quo' he, now to take it amiſs,
That your Lordſhip ha'n't call'd to me long before this.
If the old Civil Law, on which I would build,
Is in ſo much Neglect and Indifference held,
Let your C-mm-n Law Dunces go on and apply!
Quoting Chapter and Sect, inſipidly dry!
A Student of moderate Parts and Diſcerning,
With intenſe Application, may maſter ſuch Learning:
But I, as a Genius, the Office demand,
That Office my Qualifications command!
'Who contemns C-mm-n Law, quo' my Lord, there are few,
'But ſuch who are ignorant of it, like you;

'Very

'Very little's the Uſe of your Law of the *Romans*,
'Save Abroad, or in *Scotland*, or our *Doctors C-mm-ns*;
'By whatever Perſon this Office is fill'd,
'In C-mm-n Law Learning he muſt be well ſkill'd.'

Said *H-m-l-n* nettled, Be't ſo then, my Lord;
But with me you muſt ſurely in one Thing accord:
The Man who preſides in fair Equity's Seat,
Unread in Law Civil, can ne'er be compleat:
One only excepted, for all muſt concede,
He was born to preſide, ſo 'twas needleſs to read.
However, I ſtand for the Poſt, I muſt own,
And inſiſt on the Precedent quoted by *B——n*.

'How now! quo' my Lord, may a Bagpipe ne'er charm me,
'If our Courts ben't as full of the *Scots* as the Army.
'Erſt while here they've lived contented with Penſions,
'But now to Preferments they make their Pretenſions.
'This Set, by whoſe Votes poor Sir *R——t* down tumbl'd,
'Perhaps may find Means to have me likewiſe humbl'd.

'Full

'Full of Virtue, forſooth! they refuſe to be bought,
'Tho' erſt, they have ſold e'en their King for a Groat.
'Fill'd now with the Zeal of their Chief, who but they,
'Come to reſcue the Sovereign whom we wou'd bet—y!
'As if Virtue was fled beyond *Berwick on Tweed.*
'I'll never encourage this *North Britiſh* Breed,
'Nor allow they ſhou'd here any Int'reſt purſue;
'So, as yet, we have, *H-m-lt-n*, nothing for you.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * * *

And as to the reſt of you, Gentlemen, here,
You have nothing to hope for, or nothing to fear.
As I ſee your Pretenſions can hardly run higher,
Than a Motion-of-Courſeman, or that of a Cryer.

When lo! a loud Noiſe! — Stand clear there — make Room
For my L—d firſt C-mm-ſſi—r — Hoa, there! is come.
The Preſident, ſtaring, look'd dev'liſhly ſick,
As tho' the new M—ſt—y play'd him a Trick,

And

And had put in C-mm-ſſ-n *G—t B--t-n*'s Gr—t S—l:
(Which, if they had done, they had done very well)
But ſeeing 'twas one, tho' not eaſily wrought on,
In Bulk and in Strength, more a Rival for *Broughton*,
(Yet with good uſeful Talents ſufficiently ſtor'd,
Tho' not proper, perhaps, for an *Adm—ty* Board;
But Talents in Courts are ne'er miſapply'd)
His Spirits recover, and Terrors ſubſide.
With dignify'd Port he advanc'd thro' the Hurry,
Before wav'd his Enſigns, behind him tripp'd *M—y:*
So march'd thro' old *Sherwood*, in *Nottinghamſhire*,
Robin Hood in the Front, *Little John* in the Rear.
The Preſident met him, and crouch'd like a Spaniel,
'Pray, what is your Pleaſure, quo' he, my Lord *D—l?*
'Be pleas'd to command,' — *I come to encourage*
Yon brave bonny SCOT, *my Kinſman, by Marriage;*
For th' Inquiſitor's *Poſt he's ſet up by the Court,*
And is ready to ſhew he is qualify'd for't.
'Then you'd have it be ſo?' — *Yes truly I'd fain.*
'T' oppoſe what you're bent on, I'm ſure is in vain.'

Then *M—y* prepar'd with a fine Panegyrick
In Praiſe of himſelf, would have ſpoke it like *Garrick*;
But the Preſident ſtopping him, ſaid, 'As in Truth,
'Your Worth and your Praiſe is in ev'ry one's Mouth;

'Tis

'Tis needleſs to urge what's notoriouſly known,
The Office, by Merit, is your's all muſt own.
The Voice of the Publick approves of the Thing,
Concurring with that of the Court and the K—g.'

THE
TRIUMVIRADE:
OR,
BROAD-BOTTOMRY.

A Panegyri-Satiri-Serio-Comi-Dramatical

P O E M.

By PORCUPINUS PELAGIUS,
Author of the CAUSIDICADE.

Resurgit. ANONY.
Ille ergo qui quondam—— VIRG.

THE

TRIUMVIRADE,

&c.

WHEN *Grantown* and *Bathon*, as Story records,
This Chief of the C-mm-ns and That of the L—ds,
Had broken the mighty *Leviathan*'s Pow'r,
After twenty long Years Oppoſition and more:
Quite routed his Partizans all to a Man,
While each cry'd, the De'il take the hindmoſt and ran;
The Sceptre ſubſided, and Sov'reign Command
For a Fortnight ſuſpended, at leaſt, thro' the Land.
The two heroic Chiefs ſat directing the Whole,
Yet mod'rate, howe'er, in the height of Controul.

In reſpectful Obedience to R-y-l Requeſt,
As loth with Pr-r-g-tive much to conteſt,
And embroil all the Nation in Diſcord and Jarrs,
Give Room for *French* Agents to raiſe Civil Wars,
And practice upon us at home, while abroad
The proud common Foe on fair Liberty trod,
The Ballance of *Europe* o'erturn, and but deem us
Only worthy the Favour of proud *Poliphemus*.
Theſe Conſiderations inducing, they err'd,
And fatally national Juſtice deferr'd,
Receiv'd into Mercy, not only, but Place,
'Mong others, the *Paym-ſter*, *Scribe*, and the *M—e*,
Well ſaid the *great Chief*, when he heard it, and true,
Who retains in his Boſom an Adder will rue,
So refus'd to concur in't, and greatly withdrew.

Prophetic he ſpoke, for e'er long the Ingrates
Reſolv'd into Faction, and wrangling Debates:
Regardleſs of promis'd Submiſſion in Station,
Their precarious Condition, and late Situation;
Some dreading the Axe, and ſome others the String,
Diſtreſs'd both th' Affairs of the S—te and the K——g,
For whate'er Propoſal by *Grantown* was made,
For the Good of the Nation in War and in Trade,
Was ſtrongly oppos'd, tho' oppos'd long in vain,
As his Sov'r—n did e'er the Oppoſition reſtrain:

'Till

'Till the Stateſman, indignant, to find 'em perſiſt,
And revolving the Conſequence deep in his Breaſt;
How the Nation muſt ſuffer, himſelf be too vex'd,
And his Sov'r—n by diff'rent croſs Counſels perplex'd:
With true Patriot Care, as good *Sommers*, fam'd Lord,
Did honeſtly erſt deal with *W—ll—m* the Third,
He ſincerely adviſ'd, for his Int'reſt 'twas beſt,
To let him withdraw, for a while at the leaſt.
The Mon—ch, reluctant, complied with th' Advice,
As he hardly could e'er find a Stateſman like *This*.
Prodigious his Talents and form'd for the Helm,
E'er ſtudious to unite both the K—g and the R—lm,
An Enemy always profeſs'd againſt *France*,
Their Faith ſo perfidious, and vain Complaiſance.

Reſigning, he gratified all their Deſires,
Depriv'd of his Counſel, the K—g follow'd theirs;
Confuſion enſu'd, wild Debate and Uproar,
Betwixt thoſe who'd come *in*, and thoſe *in* before:
Many Schemes were invented, but none could ſucceed,
And many were call'd, tho' but few wou'd concede.
However *Broadbottomry* gain'd unawares,
That Monſter which ruin'd great *W—ll—m*'s Affairs;
Diſtracted his Councils, obſtructed his Meaſures,
And crampt, both at home and abroad, all his Meaſures,

As

As a firm Coalition could never yet be,
Since the *Whig* and *the Tory* could never agree;
And, if Right I the Figure of Prophecy caſt,
Their future Behaviour you'll find like the paſt;
Miſtruſtful and jealous, they'll ſtir up Debate,
And, to croſs one another, will ruin the S—te.

But what moſtly perplex'd 'em (as *Præſes*, the ſage,
With caution, declin'd to expoſe his old Age
To Conteſt and Faction) was, who ſhou'd be PRIME,
'Till they wiſely agreed to confer it on him,
Whoſe Head, upon Meaſure, ſhould longeſt be found,
But the Miſchief on't was, they were all ſhort and round,
Of equal Dimenſions, than deep rather ſhallow,
So that neither could caſt a Reproach on his Fellow.
Since therefore amongſt them, it could not be ſaid,
There was fit for the Service one ſingle good Head,
They reſolv'd ſtill more wiſely, to try if they cou'd,
By joining their Heads, the Deficience make good.
In the Counſel of many there is Safety we count,
And a Group of *ſhort* Heads to one *Long* may amount.

To vacate and fill up the Places, of thoſe
Whom they had, in their Wiſdom, proſcrib'd as their Foes,

They

They debated with Caution and Care, as they knew
From the Error of *Grantown* their Politics true:
But firſt importun'd, with unanimous Voice,
Since the Station of PRIME met not *Præſes*'s Choice,
He'd vouchſafe, at the leaſt, to aſſiſt with his Care,
And, reſuming th' old Office, relinquiſh the *Chair*.
Tho' a Poſt of great Honour, yet well might be fill'd,
By one in th' Affairs of the Public leſs ſkill'd.
" Your Ability call you to ſerve, quo' his *Gr—ce*,
" Where Experience is wanted, to wit, your old Place.
" None can abler the long-headed *Grantown* ſucceed,
" And only your Wiſdom can his ſupercede."
His L-rdſhip with Honour and Buſineſs quite cloy'd,
Wou'd fain have remain'd in the Place he enjoy'd.
Arriv'd as it were, ſafe in Port from the Main,
Was loth to launch out into Hurry again;
But howe'er, as with Faction he never took Part,
But had always his K—g and his Country at Heart;
In Honour of theſe, he vouchſaf'd to reſume,
But look'd with Regret on the Poſt he came from.

Th' Aſſembly broke up and adjourn'd for a Time,
And whiſper'd about, that whoever wou'd trim
And come to their Scheme, on the *Broadbottom* Plan,
Shou'd be wellcome, and all be preferr'd to a Man:

Provided

Provided they would not obſtruct the Supply,
And join in their Meaſures great *John* to decry.
The Deſign took Effect, lo! the Creatures all cringe,
By Avarice prompted and Hopes of Revenge,
In the Sun-ſhine of Promiſe they wantonly baſk'd,
And implicitly gave into all that was aſk'd;
They paſs'd the S-pp-ly, without one ſingle Nay,
And ſo loyal were all the good C-mm-ns that Day,
That had but ſome M—ber the Motion promoted,
They'd as Uſeleſs that poor Monoſillable voted.
Nay the Sons of old *Jacob* themſelves, it is ſaid,
Were ſo pleas'd with the Hopes of again making Head,
That they wrote to their Party, awhile to ſuſpend
Putting Bumpers about to their old *Roman* Friend,
Until further Orders how each ſhould comport,
And that *W—tk—n* had once been again at the C——.

Tho' the two virtuous H—ſes obediently did
Whatever our mighty *Triumvirate* bid;
Yet Matters went on very ill at St. *J*——*s*
For his old faithful Servant the *Great one* exclaims.
Return me my Friend, my great Stateſman, quo' he,
Who can equal his Skill? not together you Three.
Scribonius, perhaps, you'll aver you can write,
Suppoſe it be granted——ſay who will indite?

'Tis

'Tis not the prompt Hand, nor the Mind will ſuffice,
'Tis the Head that can counſel alone and deviſe.
I'll allow you may head, on Occaſion, a Mob,
And fight, like old *Ziſka* himſelf, with a Club;
Drive *Tories* and *Ormonites* all down before ye,
And acquire with proud *Bell* of the Poſt-Office Glory.
But ſay; can you ſtem the proud *Gaul* and *Bavar*,
And ſuſtain, 'gainſt the *P—ſſian* perfidious, the War?
No, no, as but fit for domeſtic Affairs,
Little Matters left *Grantown* alone to your Cares.
Mind therefore your Province, ſuppreſs the Sheep-Stealers,
* Street-Robbers and Gamblers, and Journeymen Taylors.

You *Theſaurus*, may boaſt your great Skill in Account
And the Manage of Payments: but when you have don't,
Can you fill up the Coffers of St—e with Supply,
Or, in Treaty, with foreign Ambaſſadors vie?
Tho' you did very well, when old *Bobb* held the Wand,
And acted with Diligence under Command;
Yet to act and to think are quite diff'rent, I deem,
Ways and Means are not eaſy, tho' *Scrope*'s in the Scheme.

* Vid. Several late Gazettes.

And you with your Gold-tufted Gown and the M——,
Your Tragedy Wig, and your Madam-like Face,
Preceded in Pomp by a Croud of mean Fellows,
Which you took from the Dirt, like **, as they tell us;
From the proud aukward Bumpkin who carries the P—ſe,
To that ſimple young Fellow, who hangs at your A—.
Do you think that Bench-Learning and Preſident Prate
Can ſufficiently qualify Men for the S—te?
Go, withdraw to your Office, and keep in that Sphere,
Or, perhaps, you may pay for your Forwardneſs dear.
Remember the Fate of your Patron; when he,
Neglecting his Poſt, fain a Stateſman wou'd be.
His Vices and Views and his ill-gotten Store,
His defrauding of Orphans and grinding the Poor,
Had paſt unexamin'd, and Perquiſites deem'd,
Had he kept to his *Laſte* and ne'er aim'd to have climb'd.
Have you carried your Cup then ſo even d'ye think,
As ne'er to have ſpill'd one Drop of good Drink?
If ſo: Yet remember that mine are the S—ls,
Lo! *R—d—r* makes Intereſt, and ready is *W—s*.

The *Triumvirate* yet, notwithſtanding this Check,
Reſolv'd to go on and digeſt the *Rump Steak*.
What tho' at the Threſhold a little, they tript?
Pray why ſhou'd they fear? they're too big to be whipt.

What

What tho' they're forſook by their *K—g* and by Heav'n,
Recourſe to the Devil may make Matters even.
A good Scripture Text, for the Purpoſe, they quoted,
I think it was ſomewhere in *Samuel* noted;
How without the Aſſiſtance of Lightning and Thunder,
As now does our *Fauſtus*, the good Witch of *Endor*,
Did without the leaſt Noiſe, ſave alone her own Squall,
Raiſe the Prophet, or Devil, or both up to *Saul*.

But a-pox on the Spoak that's got into the Wheel;
Not one ſingle Conj'rer to talk with the De'il,
Can they find in their Party; no, not even one!
For the Conjurers all are engag'd with great *John*.
Well-a-day and a-lack! muſt the Project be foil'd,
And their Porridge, for want of a Conjurer, ſpoil'd?
What then's to be done? all their Counſels run various,
'Till united at laſt by the great *C-nc-ll-rius*.

A Conjurer's Sphere, *under Favour I ſpeak it*,
I'n't ſo difficult ſure, but we may undertake it.
With humble Submiſſion, quo' he, my Compeers
We can make up, among us, a Conjurer's Geers.
Lo! I've a long Robe, as all Conjurers have,
And your *Honour* a Wand, and your *G—ce* can engrave

Black illegible Characters, ſcratch'd like your Title,
And all muſt allow you can ſcribble a little.
Behold! then a Conjurer's Enſigns compleat?
And now for a Head to go thro' with the Feat.
If better than one, are two Heads, you'll allow
That three muſt of Courſe be yet better than two.
Join we then *Pericrania*, ſo ſep'rately fam'd,
And if we don't conjure, by G—d I'll be damn'd.
Pleaſe God! we ſhall ſoon, with th' Aſſiſtance of theſe,
Raiſe the Devil in *propria Perſona* with Eaſe.
So a Circle he ſtruck with the Wand on the Floor,
And thus he incanted Hell's Sovereign Pow'r.
" Oh! Thou who preſid'ſt o'er the Caverns below,
" Where Nitre and Brimſtone in livid Flames glow;
" Where Stateſmen, Phyſicians, and Lawyers abide,
" And Placemen for voting, and Biſhops beſide!
" Sole Diſpoſer of Riches, Preferment and Gain,
" And Garters and Honours and Pleaſure and Pain.
" By whom as *Triumvirates*, here we command,
" And hold theſe *Inſigna*; *M—e*, *S—ls*, and the *W—d*;
" Attend in this perilous Time and aſſiſt,
" In forming a ſolid, good *Broadbottom* Liſt."

Not long had they pray'd, as the courteous poor Devil,
Is to Votaries ever obliging and civil;

Keeps

Keeps none in Suſpence, like his *Honour* or *Grace*,
When they cringe at the Levy for Penſion or Place.
Strait a Rumbling was hear'd and the Floor open'd wide,
Like the Stage in the Playhouſe for Ghoſts in to glide.
The *Triumvirates* trembling, were ſhock'd at the Sight!
All their Hair ſtood an end! —— and up popp'd a Sprite.
A Coronet Ducal ſurrounded his Head,
On a Wand he ſupported a Body well fed;
Theſaurus look'd pale and conceiv'd that ſome L—d
Wou'd engroſs to himſelf all the Tr—ſ—y Board:
But was ſoon undeceiv'd, ſince the grave ſolemn *Thing*,
Bounc'd, dropping the Wand, to the *Chair* with a Fling.
Lo! it ſaid, or at leaſt the *Thing* ſeem'd to have ſaid:
" The Decree of the Power, to whom you have pray'd,
" Who lives in the Country at K—— unbelov'd,
" Yet by truckling at C——t has been long there approv'd:
" Who among Country Neighbours erects up a Port,
" Yet can ſtoop to the *C—teſs*'s Servants at C——t,
" Is kick'd, from a Poſt of more Profit, up Stairs,
" Supremely to nodd in the *Chair* of all Chairs."

Then follow'd a Coronet equal in Size,
Of equal Importance and equally wiſe;

With

With unducal Submiſſion he took up the Wand,
Bow'd low and march'd on with the Bawble in Hand.
Took his Place next the Firſt, and then ſaid, " my
" good Friends,
" Your Servant concurs in your politick Ends.
" Juſt arriv'd from my Government o'er the poor *Bog*,
" Where I reign'd, without Pow'r, like a kind of King
" *Logg*;
" E'en without the poor Privilege, hardly to give
" A Place in my Kitchen to any alive.
" In minuteſt Affairs, I was tied to Account
" With Leviathan *Bobb*; mighty Lord Paramount!
" That thus was the Caſe, you will promptly agree,
" As yourſelves were accountable alſo, like me;
" Old *Satan* rejoices and greets you all Three.

Next appear'd in an Inſtant direct thro' the Door,
And not from the De'il thro' the Hole in the Floor,
A Form pretty much on the ſhort and rotund,
By many much prais'd, and by others much d—nn'd.
On his Right appear'd Wit, very ſprightly and gay;
Good Senſe on his Left ſhone as bright as the Day.
In the Converſe of theſe he alternately ſhone,
And at laſt found the Secret to join them in one.
Sound Wiſdom and Judgment attended aloof,
And waited his Nodding ſome little Way off.

But

But ſeldom of either of theſe he made Uſe,
Except now and then in Debate at the *H-uſe.*
Behind him the Muſes ſwept all in a Train,
Illumin'd his Mind and intun'd his ſoft Vein.
While Glory diſplay'd round his Head in a Blaze,
And Honour broke forth on his Boſom in Rays.
With ev'ry great Quality happily bleſt,
Like th' affable *P—g—tt*, great Genius! deceaſt.
Ah! *P—g—tt*, by Arts and the Sciences mourn'd,
Deplor'd by the Muſes he lov'd and the Learn'd:
Leſs noble by Birth than by Talents well known,
And, perhaps, by *Phil Nobilis* equall'd alone.
Diſdainfully coy, look'd our Wit on the *Three*,
And ſaid, prithee *Meſſieurs*, your Pleaſure with me?
'Tis to give you whatever you pleaſe, anſwered They,
So you quit for the State your great Paſſion for ——
In the one you excel and go thro' without Trouble.
In to'ther you labour to ſhew you're a Bubble.
" As the *Legacy* left (replied he) is near gone,
" A Riſque of refunding I hardly can run;
" 'Twas meant to diſtreſs, whom the Donor call'd
" K———s,
" But to fall in with F——s me at Liberty leaves.
" If to ſerve I vouchſafe, it's for State and Parade,
" Not for Lucre and Gain as of late was your Trade.

" Viceroy over *Bogland*, with plentiful Pow'rs,
" And ſubject alone to my *K—g*'s, and not yours,
" With Diſpoſal of Place, alone is my Choice,
" And that Trade and Land-Intereſt be made to re-
" joice."
Be it ſo, quo' the *Three*, ſo you think not too much
To haſten to *H-ll-nd* to bring in the *D—ch*.

Soon after him riſes the Shade of old *G——*
" I'm doom'd to the Office, quo' he, I'd before.
" 'Tis true I reſign'd, but it was in a Pet,
" The raſh fooliſh Action I ſtill do regret.
" Yon *Ceſtrian* muſt inſtantly quit and make room,
" Lo! *H-n-v-r G——r*, now returns to his Home,
" With a D—ke in his Hand, fine and gay like a
" Plume."

He hardly had finiſh'd, e're *Ceſtrius* came in,
His Countenance comely and placid his Mien,
Tho' ſullied a little, by nightly Debauch,
Bad Hours, and bad Comp'ny, and drinking too much;
An Averſion t'inſpect his domeſtic Affairs,
While yet for the Public's remark'd for his Cares.
E'er bounteouſly lib'ral, in giving away,
But confoundedly ſlow or to thrive or to P——.

Ne-

Neglectful th' *Inſigna* of Office he held,
And with Gentleneſs on his Competitor ſmil'd.
G—r ſmuſh'd them away, and, with ſatisfied Looks,
Exultingly plac'd himſelf 'twixt the two *D—s*.
While *Ceſtrius* declar'd "I reſign them with Eaſe,
"Since the Clerks ſink the Perquiſites all and the Fees:
"And the more, as I find, 'tis his M-j—y's Pleaſure
"T' appoint me in *Bogland*, VICE o'er his Treaſure.
"As he whoſe Oeconomy's bad o'er his own,
"May manage, by Paradox, beſt for the C——n,
"Quo' NIXON, our Families *ſeer* on Record;
"And ſacred is *Nixon*'s prophetical Word.
"As Both Fate and my Sov'reign declare on my Side,
"I inſiſt on Compliance, in ſpite of your Pride."
To the *K—g*, anſwer'd they, we're Obedient and Civil,
Tho' here we acknowledge no Pow'r but the D—l.

Next bolts up a Coronet, dapper and ſhort,
'Twas Ducal, with *Tory* inſcrib'd on his Heart.
Spite of former Engagements, Reſolves and great Coſt,
He comes from the Devil to accept of a Poſt.
"Tho' once, quo' the Shade, (as indeed 'twas no more)
"In the Days of my Folly, ſometime, heretofore,
"At the gay, Duke of *M—lb—h*, diſdainful, I laught,
"For ſuffering himſelf to be taken by Craft:

" Yet now I'm convinc'd, there are few can reſiſt,
" The Charms of C—t Favour, ſo *properly* preſt.
" Notwithſtanding my vaſt and unbounded Eſtate,
" Which well with Revenues of Princes may mate,
" A reſiſtleſs Propenſion impels me to crouch
" At C—t for a Poſt, and ſome Thouſands to touch.
" As, howe'er, to a Point, it is known I am ſtub-
" born,
" You have heard of my naval Affairs down at *W*——
" Croſs that vaſt Sea-Canal, I've ſucceſsfully ſail'd,
" And yet was I never once Shipwreck'd or fail'd.
" The Structure of Shipping I well underſtand,
" And how to give Orders to ſail——o'er the Land.
" Oft I've been in great Battles, altho' but in Mock,
" And bravely bore up 'gainſt the Danger and Shock;
" The huge double E—l, who ſits as firſt L——d,
" And leads all the reſt by the Noſe at the B——d.
" Muſt yield in Experience to me, all allow,
" As a *D*—— is more ſkill'd than an E—l you know;
" Notwithſtanding the two Chryſtal Wheels, which in-
" cloſe,
" With monſtrous Circumf'rence, the Tip of his Noſe;
" And that on Twelfth Night, by his *Legerdemain*,
" He may ſtrip us new C——tiers perhaps, of our
" Gain.

Well

Well ken we your Meaning (quo' the THREE) my Lord
D——,
A *Grantonite* he! and contemns our Rebuke.
He, and all his Aſſociates, we'll ſoon ſet aſide,
Save one, who ſhall ſtand new C-m-ſſi—rs to guide.
Your Gr— ſhall ſit Chief, and a Seaman the laſt,
With four noble L—ds, and a Counſellor vaſt!
He approving withdrew, bowing low as he paſt.

The reſt of the B—d, in a Group did advance,
Up aloft thro' the Chaſm, as tho' 'twere at once.
One put up as Grandſon to *Neptune* his Claim,
Whoſe Knowledge deriv'd down to him with the Name:
And 'tis hard, if a noble Deſcendant ſhould fail
In his Anceſtors Art, of the Rudder and Sail.
Another ſupported his Title, as he
Had ſail'd once to *M—yland* over the Sea.
What tho' he's built Ships, which the Winds can ne'er
move,
Yet that is no Reaſon but he may improve.
A *Fourth* for a Seat at the B—d muſt prevail,
By *Female* Pretenſions, as ſome ſay, *in Tail.*
A *Fifth* urg'd moſt ſtrongly he'd been in there before,
And was Son to a *D*——, who was Son of a ——.
The *Sixth*, tho' he owned he knew little of Tar,
Yet ſaid, he cou'd plead for the B—d at the Bar;

For the reſt he referred them to *C-bb-m*, not loth
To clench, on Occaſion, his Tale with an Oath.
The *Seventh*'s Pretenſions were ample and ſtrong;
He had tied up the Univerſe round in a Thong.
What tho' his whole Squadron of Ships he had loſt,
Save one he brought, foundering, home to our Coaſt.
Yet he did his own Bus'neſs, you'll ſay, very well;
Yea, and that at the Nation's Expence, I can tell.

They hardly had taken their Places around,
But *Aron Dell* flounc'd thro' the Hole in the Ground;
With *Parvulus Tonus* cloſe following in haſte,
As tho' not well pleas'd that he mounted up laſt.
But, bleſs me! how lank, how meagre, and ſtrait!
Run up, like bad Weeds, to a wonderful Height.
Juſt like *Little Tony*'s long Portrait in Print!
Soon the Firſt, as the Maſter, was known of the *M——t*;
A kind of a Steward to Turnpikes e'er that,
Well plaid he his Cards 'mong the great ones of State;
And yet not ſo wond'rouſly well, as he chanc'd
To get by the Dint of mere Wedlock advanc'd.
Know you not, who 'twas married the *one* and who *t'other*,
And who in the Law, is by Conſequence, Brother?

As 'tis ſaid, that by Kiſſing goes Favour at C——t,
They're diſtinguiſh'd of Courſe, who with Siſters conſort.
Thus Pentateuc *A-ron*, with *M-ſes* of old,
Shar'd, as Brother in Law, both in Places and Gold.
Quo' *Tonus*, for he cou'd beſt ſpeak as a Poet,
And that he's no bad one our fair ones allow it.
" Lo! before you a Brace of good T—ſ—y Lords,
" For ſo it is written below in Records.
" In the room of old *G—bſ—u* and *C—pt—n* we come,
" Who' beneath your *Triumvirate* Pleaſure ſuccumb.
" A Pair of known *Grantonites*." Be't ſo, quo' the *Three*,
We all very chearfully ſign the Decree.

Who happily had to Paternals of late,
Got added a lucrative Name and Eſtate.
Don Gorgo Bubb Dodo, creeping up, on all Fours,
With Care and with Caution the Trap-Hole explores.
" A Poet, quo' he, long diſtinguiſh'd by Fame,
" And known by all critical Judges, I am.
" The Praiſes of many I've ſung heretofore,
" And among them, pox on't, of Sir *Bob* in his
" Pow'r.
" Very great is the Largeſs I'd give to ſuppreſs
" Thoſe Verſes, of which I'm aſham'd I confeſs.

" They're ſtat in my Teeth contradicting each Word,
" In my Speeches made ſince, as thoſe Speeches record.
" To praiſe firſt in Verſe, then abuſe him in Proſe,
" Does rather my own, than his Weakneſs expoſe.
" Great *Temple* did wiſely to burn what he'd writ
" In *Arlington*'s Praiſe, when he found he was bit.
" But a Candidate now I appear to your G—e,
" And both your Compeers, for the Tr—ſ—r's Place.
" The *Bar'net* that I may get in muſt reſign,
" Old *Nick* has declar'd in the Shades it is mine,"
And ſo do we here (quo' the Three) make it thine.

The high-favour'd *Wallo*, blind Fortune's bright Son,
Who forever commem'rates the Year *Twenty-one*.
Great Patron in *Broadbottom* Writing's Behalf,
By Bum-Flogger *G-th—y*, and Gazetteer *R——ph*,
Succeeds in the Hole, and as Candidate ſtands,
For the *C—ff—r*'s Place 'gainſt the Patrio Lord ——.
Said, the Council infernal, declar'd it was his,
With the Perquiſites all and the Poundage and Fees.
" Tho', quo' he, it requires neither Talents nor Skill,
" And that even Dunces the Station may fill;
" As 'tis plain, if we meaſure, by Deputy *O——d*,
" Who muſt pack up his Awls, and march off with
" his Lord.

" Yet

" Yet I, by Misfortune and Accident, am
" Better qualified for it than all you can name.
" The K—g's Civil Liſt, as of late ſtands the Caſe,
" You know's in Arrear, about two Years ſpace.
" The Houſhold grow clam'rous for Pay and uneaſy,
" And even the Judges, for Salary, teaſe ye.
" This Noiſe, and this Clamour can ne'er reach my
" Ear,
" Ti'n't proper the *C-ff—r* always ſhould hear."
Quo' the *Triumvirs* right, your Pretenſions are clear.

Lo! aſcends from the Cavity, loud in a Storm,
A truly original *Broadbottom* Form.
A Broadbottom Subſtance all over, I vow,
Heads, Shoulders, and Arms, and, as all will allow
In th'Extent of the Word, *Broadbottom'd* below.
'Twas thence, firſt the Term had the Honour to come,
Broadbottomry ſprung from our Baronet's Bum:
A diſtinguiſhing Characteriſtic for Mirth,
O! *ye Knights of the Bum*, kiſs the Place of your Birth.
" I'm come, quo' the Bulk, up from *Tartarus* here,
" To acquaint the *Triumvirate* how they muſt ſteer.
" The De'il gives his Service, his Love, and all that,
" And wiſhes a joyful new Year to the State.

" In

" In Council ſits round him the *Jacobite* Clan,
" From the firſt of K— *J*——*es.* to the laſt of Queen
" *A*—.
" There, after Debate, 'tis decreed for your Safety,
" ('Gainſt the *Grantonites* other Relief is not left ye)
" To take in the T—ys, to Favour and Grace,
" And that I be *immediately* put into Place,
" With three or four more; and ſo on, by Degrees,
" 'Till to Power and Council Friend *W—tk—n* you
" ſqueeze.
" But as you may think me, perhaps, ſuch a Fool,
" To tell my own Party ſome Tales out of School,
" I aſk not, at preſent, a Poſt in the State,
" Tho' a Lord at the B—d I was nam'd for of late
" I cou'd like very well; but clear as the Amber
" Is my Right to preſide o'er the Caſh *in the Chamber.*
" Nor has *Somebody* Cauſe at my Sight to be ſcar'd,
" As once in the Gardens at *Richmond* it far'd.
" Far be it from me to have acted *ſo* baſe,
" I'm the quieteſt *Thing* in the World —— in a Place."
E'er bleſt (quo' the *Three*) be Hell's great anointed.
Who ſuch great Politicians has wiſely appointed!
And that our Intrigues he eſpouſes ſo hearty,
To ſcreen us from Long-headed *John* and his Party.
Whom, at Court, and in Country, the People eſteem
As one who can puzzle the De'il at a Scheme.

But,

But, Heaven be prais'd, the good Devil we find,
Is too many for *John* when ſupported by *H—de.*
He crouch'd moſt reſpectfully low, as well pleas'd
To be thus by the mighty *Triumvirate* prais'd.

Lord *Hob* over heard, as he near was at hand,
And moſt righteouſly roſe to oppoſe the Demand.
" Since it's come to that paſs (quo' he) that you take-
" up,
" Againſt all the *pure ones*, with th' old Sons of *Jacob*,
" To the Mob I will call, like my Sire (holy Lubbard)
" *You, who ſtand by Ch---t J-ſ-s, cry* H--B--T *an*
" H--B--T!
" But let him, howe'er have the Place, you are rapt-in,
" Provided that I be made Battle-Ax Captain.
" Each Gentleman P-nſ--ner's Place I can ſell
" For Eight Hundred Pounds——I the Diff'rence can
" tell."
When ſuddenly up from the Hole came a Groan
As tho' 'twas L—d *B——ſt.* " In Spite I'm undone,
" Of the R-y-al Command;" yet appear'd not his
Ghoſt
So that ev'ry one gave him quite over for loſt.

A loud Halloo follow'd, as tho' 'twou'd deprive ye,
Of your Ears and your hearing of Tontara, Teivy.

Hoa! *Ringwood* and *Jowler* and *Ranter* and *Nox*,
As if that old *Nick* was in Chace of a Fox.
Not ſo: but the new common-Hunt of the C—t,
Was ſtealing from *J-n-ſ-n* all his Support;
Hallooing the B--k Hounds away from his Care,
And leave in their Room but a Rope and Deſpair.
Oh Fie! that a P--r, in whom Learning abounds,
Should preſide over the Kennel, and run with the Hounds.

Will Prattle roſe next, deriv'd from th' old *Boa'ſon*,
(Who an *Indian* did firſt of a Diamond cozen;
Next the Factory plunder'd and afterwards ran)
With his Limbs very weak and his Face very wan.
He ſaid, tho' for Places he did not much care,
Yet, if he got well, he'd be Clerk of the War,
So he found it conſiſtent to accept of a Place,
With the large Patriot Legacy left by her G—ce.
And that they conſented to make Matters even,
By reducing to *Three* the odd Number of *Seven*:
For who cou'd a Prattler more aptly ſucceed
Than he, who can prattle ſo well in his Stead?
Whereupon cry'd the Oeconomiſt *Redſtring*, if ſo,
I or to the *Marſhal* or *Warden* muſt go.

Then the famous *Convention* Negociator, *K—*,
A ſhopkeeping Ald-rm-n's Son down at *Lynn*;

Erſt

Erſt a *Bobbite*, but ſince, a true *P—lh—ite* grown,
(For the *Bobbs* and *Pells*, now 'tis ſaid, are not one,)
Rears up thro' the Gap, in original Dung,
Kicking Paym—r *H—p—r* before him along.
" This Man, who, as Lawyer, a R-gue is of courſe,
" And yet, as a *S—t C-m—ee*-man, worſe;"
(Quo' the DON,) " as Deſerter I'm order'd to chaſe,
" With a few decent Kicks, from his ill-gotten Place:
" And ſo to ſucceed him myſelf; as anon
" I muſt vacate my Place, to make Room for *Sir* J—N.
" That Place, which with M—ber for *W—ſt—w*, I
" got,
" At th' Expence of the Nation, to make up a V-te,
" And for wiſely *conventioning* Diff'rences up;
" Tho' the *Grantonites* ſaid I deſerv'd but a Rope."

The Knight —— no, the Barr'net, of Britiſh Race
reckon'd,
That expell'd the old *Flemings* of HENRY the Second,
Like the De'il his old Friend, when he follow'd the Bar,
Is near when he's nam'd, or at leaſt is not far.
Yet diff'ring in all other Qualities wide,
For his Sire was a *Methodiſt* Saint *without* Pride.
Both himſelf and *Jack P—t*, (I mean *P—t* the rich
They're ſo many, one hardly can tell, which is which)

Shot lovingly up from the Depth of the Hole
Pinn'd together like Poppets, by Cheek and by Jowl,
Declar'd, howe'er large their Poſſeſſions and clear,
They cou'd yet, thro' Government's *Thouſand a Year*,
Diſtinguiſh Things clearer: and therefore were made,
On the *Broadbottom* Footing, C-mm-ſſ—rs of Trade.

Soon after ſteps up to the Floor, with a Strut
A Dueliſt, known by the Name of *Will Smutt*.
In Purſuit of a Creature, ycleapt a Buffoon!
Good Sirs! how it chatter'd, and jok'd on a Pun!
But howe'er that may be; with a brandiſhing Sword
Our Hero had like thro' its Guts to have bor'd;
E'er well from ſupporting its Breeches it cou'd,
Its Hands diſengage in Defence of its Bloud.
Will reverendly bow'd when he ſaw the great *Three*
And ſaid, a good Place is appointed for me.
Friend *Satan* this Moment has giv'n me the Hint
I'm call'd to ſucceed to the Chief of the *M—t*.

After ſhort Intermiſſion, a North Country Sprite,
Starts up in a Rage, from the Dark into Sight.
Th' ilk Devil, quo' he, curſe o' G—d on his Soll,
Ha nae notic'd one *Scot* for a Place on his Scroll.
Iſe therefore appeal to you Three 'gainſt his Spleen,
And inſiſt to be ſome way or other let in;

As

As my Merit is proven ye can nae refuſe,
Or I'll vote with my Conſcience next Time in the Hooſe.
Ken you nae I'm a Dealer in Speech-making Words?
And can whiten and black as Occaſion affords.
This Neglect of the *Scots* is a Breach of Union,
As may'nt be ſoon cur'd in my humble Opinion:
Iſe therefore with gude lang-tail'd Speeches will brave ye,
An you don't put me ſoon at the Board of the N—y.
Quo' the Triumvirs, take it, ſo among us we have ye,

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * * * *Deſunt multa*

E'er the Candidates hardly were put in their Traces,
And reciprocal Compliments made on their Places.
A Crack of loud Thunder burſt over the Room,
As tho' that in Earneſt the Devil was come.
Howe'er 'twas not ſo: and yet almoſt as bad,
Our *Triumvirs* ne'er a worſe Sight cou'd have had,
For the Ceiling, lo! opens, and *Grantown* drops down,
With a Smile on his Countenance, mixt with a Frown;
A triple crown'd Hero ſupported his Right,
On the Left ſhone *Britannia*, triumphantly bright.

Our

Our *Triumvirs* ſcar'd, march'd off in great Haſte,
Diſmounted, *unſtaff'd*, *unſeal'd*, and *unmac'd*,
While *Grantown* turn'd out all the reſt and diſplac'd;
Reſtor'd to his K—g the Pre——ve Sword,
And ſecur'd to the People their *ancient Record*;
Replac'd all his Friends, and ſtood firm like a Tow'r,
Defending *Britannia* from abſolute Pow'r,
In Honour, in Glory, in Peace and in Store.

THE

THE

PORCUPINADE,

A very POETICAL

P O E M.

To which is prefixed,

A COPY of *ſmooth* commendatory RHYMES to the AUTHOR,

FROM

PORCUPINUS PELAGIUS,

Author of the TRIUMVIRADE.

Aut inſanit homo, aut verſus facit. HOR.
Thus each ſhould down with all he thinks; PRIOR.
And all he thinks not. ANON.

By *QUIDNUNCCIUS PROFUNDUS.*

TO THE

AUTHOR,

On his Unanſwerable

POEM.

WHOEVER thou art, or whoever
thou art not,
Whether you take my Part, or if you
take my Part not,
I care not five Farthings; nay, without a Fee
That I'm juſt to your Merit, you'll ſpeedily ſee.

Your Lays are ſo highly ſublime and orac'lous,
While all from the Fetters of Rhyme you unſhackle us,
That, beneath your Ænigmas, but give me your Hand down,
Nought's meant againſt G——le, I'll bring you to Grantown:
He admires your fine Poets, a noted Mæcenas,
*When he meets, Sir, like yours, with a * ſingular Genius:*
And reaſons *ſo* plainly *the Nation may ſee,*
To be potent and great, at the leaſt they muſt be,
With firm Reſolution, and perfect Accord,
As virtuous, and ſober, and kind as—my Lord.
'Tis late in the Wane of the Moon you may ſay,
If you are a Swiſs *Poet, eulighten'd by Pay:*
But remark a prophetic and politic Pen,
Strange Things have occurr'd, and may happen agen.

By

* *Query*, whether *Pelagius* intended this, and indeed the whole, ſeriouſly or ironically?

By your Stile you ſhould be ſome aſpiring young Lad;
Fourſcore's an old Laureat—*and Odes muſt be had:*
There's Sack in the Caſe, I might ſay in the Butt;
More of that tête a tête—*now a freſh Caſe to put.*
Suppoſe, while Affairs are removing and moving,
For our Splendour hereafter, and preſent improving,
We commute, change and barter, ſay, ſpeak and rehearſe;
I, political Lectures; you, Lectures in Verſe:
Whence we both may adorn the Republick of Letters;
And—a Word in your Ear—be of uſe to our Betters.
Your Method entirely your own I eſteem,
And your Meaning lies deep; tho' to ſome it may ſeem
Neither this, that, nor t'other, Rhyme, Reaſon, nor Law,
But a File for thoſe Serpents the Critics to gnaw.
You'll obſerve by my Plan, in high Secrets I'm deep;
And what Secrets you have I'll be ſworn you can keep.

Then as to my Writings, 'tis plain, they muſt take well

From the many Editions, as well as the Sequel.

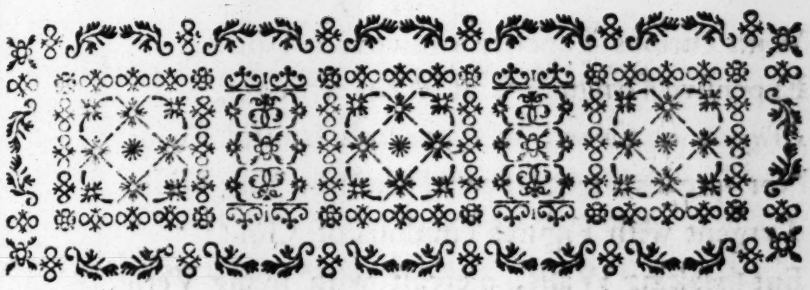
*'Tis needleſs to add—let * one Int'reſt combine us,*

PELAGIUS *won't rhyme, but your Pig*

PORCUPINUS.

* *Query*, If the learned *Porcupinus* means by this, that we ſhould divide the contingent Reverſion of the Laurel, and become Twin-Laureats, as *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* were Twin-Playwrights. This may not be improbable, if we conſider, that the modern Poets are not more remarkable for their Candour and Diſintereſtedneſs than the Phyſicians. It ſeems at leaſt, that he has an Eye on a Moiety of the Sack, by his political Hint of the other Bottle above, *Line* 22. *More of this* (*i. e.* Sack) *tête a tête.*

O *Pha-*



O *Phœbus*, *Phœbus*, whether now employ'd
Amidſt the tuneful Nine near *Pindus* Shades
Parnaſſus' Top, or clear *Caſtalian* Stream;
Or haply if the lofty Towers of *Grub-ſtreet*,
Eaſy Deſcent for Gods, delight thee more;
Whence no groſs Fumes of indigeſted Meat
Load the thin Air, or foul the pure ſerene
Thy meagre Vot'ries breath; but grateful Steam
Of vegetable Food, thy Laurel green
Apt Vehicle for Verſe, alike regale
Thy lofty Sons, and their Dominions wide
Extended thro' th' immeaſurable Void.
Here may'ſt Thou deign to dwell, for here the pale
Inhabitant nor hides th' aſpiring Walls

With

With curious Tapeſtry's inwoven Tale*,
Expenſive Ornament, at *Arras* wrought,
Bruges, or *Ghent*, in *Flandria*'s fruitful Fields:
Nor ſpreads, magnificent, the glitt'ring Hide,
Turgent with Figures emulous of Gold:
But ſpeaking Walls, o'ercaſt with living Verſe,
Reſplendent breath the Sentiment elate,
The apt Conceit, and worthy Maze of Wit;
And riſing Heroes ſtalk the nightly Scene,
Man-

* The great *Rhondeletius* differs a little from our Author in his Deſcription of theſe Manſions; ſee the following Quotation, by which it plainly appears that ſome of them were really decorated with *Tapeſtry*.——I have tranſlated it from the Folio Edition, printed at *Conſtantinople* by *Typæus*: The critical Reader will find the original Paſſage in Vol. 37. Pag. 953.

SCRIBLERUS ILLUSTRATUS.

——————— Exalted high
In Garret vile he lives; with Remnants hung
Of *Tapeſtry*: But ah! precarious State
Of this vain tranſient World! all powerful Time!
What doſt thou not ſubdue? ſee what a Chaſm
Gapes wide, tremendous! ſee where *Saul* enraged,
High on his Throne, encompaſs'd by his Guards,
With levell'd Spear and Arm extended ſits,
Ready to pierce old *Jeſſe*'s valiant Son,
Spoil'd of his Noſe! ———

Manſion of Demi-Gods, 'twixt Earth and Sky,
In Fame recording Charcoal; not the ſame
Devis'd by mortal Wight, whence Fire exerts
Its fierceſt Rage and grinds the pond'rous Ore
To ſcorching Flames—a glitt'ring Flood of Miſchief!
But ſuch as whilom thy own Beams calcin'd,
Thy ſelf howe'er reluctant—when raſh *Phaeton*,
Unequal Youth, in evil Hour eſſay'd
The flaming Car, and whirl'd by rapid Steeds,
Thro' pathleſs Air, beyond the Mean aſſign'd,
Firſt thaw'd th' eternal Mounts of rocky Ice
Beneath the froſty Pole; ſcorch'd *Libia* mourn'd
The needleſs Fire, and *Latium*'s flow'ry Plain
Became an arid Waſte—hard in its Tubes
Dry'd human Life, and thro' the Foreſt wide
Th' accended Heat devour'd the leafy Race,
Nor ſpar'd thy *Daphne*; whether near the *Po*
She view'd her Charms; for ſtill the Maid, a Tree,
Explores the glaſſy Stream, or, near the *Sein*,
Delighted fertile *Gallia*'s ſprightly Sons.
But what Excurſions breathleſs do I make
Hunting this Charcoal, tho' immortal Coal
Or Ink my Theme demands—But what's my Theme,
Cynthia or Conqueſt, *Caucaſus* or Court-nights,
Or all, or none—avaunt I ſoar above ye;

Sublimity ſhall own her aching Sight *
Unable to purſue me; when I dive
Beyond a Comet's Speed, and hiſs with Motion,
I'll teach Profundity herſelf her Shallowneſs.

HOMER and *Pindar* were exalted Bards,
Originals for me! rot Imitators.
I hate them and forbid them—I'm an Extaſy;
Others have dreamt about them—wondrous Tranſports
Mine ſure muſt give my Readers; they're as catching
† At leaſt as Tears—my Service to your *Horace*;
You

* In like manner writeth the learned *Parallellius*, B. 63. which is thus rendered into our Tongue, by the *Illuſtrious Scriblerus*.

——— Rapt in Thought
Fancy preſents before his raviſh'd Eyes
Diſtant Poſterity, upon his Page
With Tranſport dwelling; while bright Learning's Sons
That Ages hence muſt tread this earthly Ball,
Indignant ſeem to curſe the thankleſs Age,
That ſtarv'd ſuch Merit.

N. B. The learned Critic will undoubtedly perceive, that this *Note* is inſerted purely for the ſake of clearing up the Text. *W. W.*

† ——— *Si vis me flere dolendum*
Primum ipſi tibi ——— HOR. ART. POETIC.

You bid me profit too—but dear *Venuſian*
What Intercourſe has Poetry with Profit?
Mæcenatiſm's defunct, tho' deathleſs *Pope*,
With loud Applauſe has left, and tuneful Care,
What nearly might ſet up a middling Draper.
No Draper like the Dean, who wrote of Punning,
And *wooden* Coin to purchaſe *Bulls* in *Ireland*,
Sweet Scene of Turf and Butter—trebly ſenſeleſs
Ah me! to fancy Writers muſt have Senſe,
When I have read ſuch Writings—nay when *Swift*'s
Briſk Salt, bright Droll, and animated Style
Spire to a Point, then ſettle in a * *Struldbrug*.
Scribe then ye *Slows*, hum on ye warbling Fry,
Secure from legal Idiocy and *Bedlam*,
While I in Puns pin up your Panegyrick.

Monſtrous! ſuch trifling in heroic Strains!
Some Critick grave exclaims, with ſolemn Mien,
And front full ſapient; whoſe profoundeſt View
Ill kens our Drift, nor marks our nice Connexion.
To ſink and ſoar's the Contraſt, there's the Skill:
Rules may be Nonſenſe, as we oft have ſeen
Nonſenſe full regular; but Flight's a *Genius*.
Whoſo's inſpir'd muſt write, ev'n tho' he find

G Little

* See *Gulliver*'s Travels.

Little worth writing on, and writing worth
Still leſs or nothing. Now, ſince Tragic Lays
Are really ſad; the Comic juſt ridiculous,
And Paſtoral ſoft and milky, what remains,
But that a Wit or Bard of Taſte aſpire
To new Device, or deign to write an *Ollio*;
Mental Repaſt divine! which apt regales
The various Calls of Guſt, with ſapid Force,
And Irritation keen; while Senſe and Nonſenſe
Alternately approves; while Smiles and Frowns
Conſent to diſagree; and loud Variety
With wakeful Diſcord chequers o'er the Scene.

But ah! what knotty Subjects reſt unſung
By ev'ry Bard, where Illuſtration deep
Might crown the richer Page with *Quirks* profound,
And *Quiddities* of Things, Knowledge occult
Diffuſing wide, and cancelling the Poverty
Of ſimple Intellect with dark Diſtinction:
Wond'rous the more in this ſo curious Age,
Devote to Sapience, when the Name of K—gs
On *due Encouragement* is full propenſe
T'. *encourage* Erudition, when Squire *Ayre*,
Aerial Eſſence, deals in Shillings, Pence,
Memoirs and Patents; while ſubſtantial *Curl*
Of Fame ſo chaſte, ſo juſtly once erect

In

In *Norway* Neckcloth, happily transform'd
By ſome of his own *Ovid*'s, reads himſelf,
Regenerate Soul! *Our truſty well beloved.*

But while I mention *Curl*, and deeply ponder
On Modeſty his Attribute—whoſe Form,
Beauteous and lowly, moves, as half receding,
She dreaded Admiration—ſcarce her Vail
Conceals her crimſon Fluſhings—on the Ground
Submiſs ſhe looks, of ſimple Air, and Voice
Low as the ſofteſt Breeze, her Dreſs ſo plain,
She can't appear at Court—In Youth methinks
I've known her—but no more, the fruitleſs Charmer
Still ruins her Poſſeſſors, hence neglected,
How juſtly! nameleſs Bards alone and Authors,
My ſelf and my *Pelagius* ſtill affect her,
Reſigning all the Fame our ſelves might reap
To PORCUPINES and QUIDNUNCS; yet perhaps
In this not injudicious, to evade
Critic's dire Morſure,—haply e'en to tempt
Fame's fierce Purſuit by no ill-feign'd Retreat:
While ſeeming coy to Glory we ſecure her
With quaint Addreſs epiſcopal, ambitious
In ſecret to be deem'd to hide our Bluſhes,
While really vain and proud of our Humility.

What craſſer Air alas! what groſſer *Medium*
Thus damps the Poet's Flight, and nearly makes him
Degen'rate into Senſe, and ſink to Meaning!
Ye *Moorfield* Sages hail! whom moral *Turks*
Wou'd ſagely deem divine, tho' envious Men
Immure, enchain and mortify, for being
More happily delirious than themſelves;
Ev'n oft more wiſe and good—if ye are ſtarv'd,
It is not o'er your Bags—if ye are Monarchs,
Ye're not inſatiate, Crowns of Straw content,
And ſimpleſt Cates ſuffice you—if ye're Patriots,
Ye prove yourſelves ſincere, in ceaſeleſs Toil
Spending your Faculties for *Britain*'s Weal;
Ye rare, choice Proofs of *Britiſh* Incorruption!
If Lovers, ye are delicate and conſtant,
And the laſt Gaſp ſighs out th' obdurate fair one:
Nor uſeleſs, tho' immur'd, e'en now perhaps
Your ſimple Virtues meritorious ſave
A while our *Sodom*—Virtue's ſelf's thought mad,
Or ſingular; from honeſt Senſe and Courage
A gen'rous Leader caught a glorious Frenzy.
—It comes, ineffable, ſweet, kind Contagion,
Immortal Leaves of Emerald wreath'd with Gold,
Navies of Chryſtal, Waves of roſy Nectar
Dance to my Viſion—adamantine Breaſts,

And Eyes, of Glance unſpeakable, confuſe
And bleſs me—Hah! what heav'nly painted Clouds
Array the concave Sky, all looſe and flowing,
The Night Robes of the Sun in *Thetis'* Chambers:
While on the diſtant Mount full ſtately ſhines
The Caſtle all of ruſtleſs poliſh'd Steel,
Maſſy and grand, the Battlements of Gold,
Which with the brazen Gates, the chryſtal Portals,
And Walls of various Agate, neat inlaid,
And fac'd with Iv'ry, gleam another Sun,
And gild the Meads, where num'rous tiny Elves
Scarce preſs the Green; where friſking Satyrs play
Enamour'd, while three royal Virgins moving
With ſtarry Luſtre, ſmile immortal Graces;
As here they crop the ſilver Primroſe, join'd
To Violets of Amethyſt, commix'd
With many an od'rous lucid Flow'r beſide
Of vegetable Gems, to weave fit Garlands
For three redoubted Knights, now haply journeying,
Thro' many a fierce Adventure, from *Pegu*,
Georgia and *Cachemire*, inform'd by Fame,
Or friendly Sage, of the approaching Liſts,
And the unequall'd Charms of each high Virgin,
Whoſe Smiles muſt crown the Victor's high Atchievment.
What rare Devices ſhine! what Tilts enſue

Within

Within the Barriers! while th' imperial Virgins
Breath ſecret Wiſhes for the bleſt TRIUMVIRADE
So deſtin'd to obtain them; whoſe Demeanour,
High Port, and ſweet Addreſs, at Sight beſpoke
Their Birth, Deſert, and Proweſs, ill conceal'd
Beneath their Armour—Ejulations tear
The azure Vault immenſe—with princely Mien
They kneel to wear their Chaplets—what extatic
Nuptials enſue! I hear th' immortal Strains
Of *Orpheus* and *Muſæus*, for a Time
Exchanging their *Elyſium*. Roſy Wine
I quaff, beyond *Falernium*'s boaſted Juice,
Or *Maſſic* old, modern *Tokay*, *Champaign*,
Cyprus, or *Hermitage*, regale of Monks;
'Till all adown the painted Couch I ſink
In Sleep ideal, when my Bliſs recedes,
The dear Deluſions fly; awak'd and wild,
I find my ſelf, as erſt *Gonzales*, left
By ſome ſagacious *Ganzas* near *Pekin*,
Imperial City—anxious ſtill I doubt
The Scene how real—Worth and Knowledge here
Are ſolely noble—whoſo ſerves the State
Muſt really know, and will, and act her Service—
Obſolete Cuſtoms all, exotic Trifling!

Bleſt

Bleſt be the medic * Sheep, who firſt diſcover'd
Arabia's Fruit ſo potable and fragrant,
Which ſocial aggregates, in Mixture bland,
At *George*'s, *Richard*'s, *Bedford*'s, *Tom*'s and *Slaughter*'s,
The various Brood of Man; while various Themes,
Cricket, Love, Politics, Stocks, Plays, and Battles,
Mix with the tepid Steam; while curious ſome
The Pamphlet of Projector, Peer, or, Starv'ling
Intent peruſe, or cheaply damn; befriended
With modern Art to further Reading, by
Preventing Writing—Circling round mean while
Inceſſant walks the Library, addreſt
To 'Prentice ſpruce, or aſtrologic Cobler
Nice Millener, or Taylor ſcientific.
Nay haply e'en ſome Toaſt exalted high
In *Bridges-ſtreet*, hence delicately fills
The Vacancies of Love, with Novel ſweet,
Or Verſe luxurious; while the fond Librarian
Viſits her more enamour'd, as her Billets
Are ſcrawl'd in ſofter Terms, and better Spelling;
She liſps more elegant, and ſmiles embelliſh'd.
Pierc'd, like the Eagle, by an Arrow feather'd
From

* Coffee is ſaid to have been firſt diſcover'd, by its exhilarating Effects on ſome Sheep, who brous'd on the Plant in Berry.

From his own Plumage, all inflam'd he ruſhes
Swift to her Tranſports; the diſſolving fair one
Returns his Flames with many a future Dart
Of pungent Love—thus paying her Subſcription.

But all, ſays *Maro*, are not charm'd with Brambles;
Many the ſtately various Groves admire,
Whence mighty Fleets, Guns, Swords, dire Stocks, and Gallows:
Yet chief ſelect the Oak and lofty Pine,
So wont to brace the Ribs, and maſt the Hull
Of ſome bold Cruizer, bent on Trade or Conqueſt,
To *Afric* or the *Indies*, where the Sand
With granulous Gold's commix'd; or Gales all ſpicy
Engroſs the Atmoſphere—while yet unfell'd,
Untouch'd their vegetable Woodmates raiſe
Their Heads green Honours, with extended Arms
Lodging the various Tennants of the Wood.
Whether they hull the ſweet nutritious Grain;
Or pry the Bark or Earth for reptile Food;
Or prey on other Volatiles; or pierce
The gelid Brook, or warmer briny Sea,
In queſt of fiſhy Meal, the Perch or Mullet,
Delicious Food! which many an Epicure
May vainly wiſh, unleſs conſenting Fate

Has

Has with the magic Weight inclin'd his Fob,
Which turns itſelf to all Things, Delicates,
Dreſs, total Worth, Virginities and Boroughs.

Thus have I apt deduc'd a modern Lay;
Nor to my Theme unequal; tho' unaided,
Like many a modern Bard, by gentle *Phœbus*,
And all the tuneful Nine, however mention'd
To decorate my Song—But chief by Thee
Conducted, fair Digreſſion, who, unſparing
Has ſtrew'd with various Flow'rs the ſinuous Way,
And ſafely clu'd thy Bard thro' each *Meander*
Of Fancy's winding Maze—Then may no Critic
Unhallow'd, or tremendous blaſt the Strain
With faſcinating Squint, e'er ſage Reſerve
And Meditation deep aſſure him equal
To our full Scope—Aught if his Judgment meet
It can't approve, let him admire and own
Its bounded Ken; 'twas far from our Intention
With Entertainment to provide him Taſte;
Inſipids feaſt we not—Some Seer prophetic
Of happier Penetration may hereafter
Transfund our myſtic Lines to *Greek* and *Dutch*,
And *Hebrew* and *Chaldaic*, when a certain
Arrangement of the whole, Lines, Words, and Letters,

(*For there the Secret lies*) ſhall ſhew profound
Treaſures of Science, and on ev'ry Subject:
But this the Vice, the Crudity and Darkneſs
Of our vile Age, and the ſaid State of *Europe*
Defers—not leſs ſecure the myſtic Bard
Of lateſt Fame, while, ſmiling Sage, * *Democritus*
Hands me his Fiſt, and ranks me high on *Helicon.*

So when ſome Tempeſt ſweeps the Mountain's Brow,
Or ſporting May-Nymphs celebrate the Feſtal
With Dance and Garland; when the ſcaly Fry
Feed in the lucid Stream; when Ladies weep,
Or laugh, and Aſſes bray, and Poets rhyme;
Or a fierce Hawk devours a puny Bird,
'Tis wondrous clear—NO WONDERS HAVE OCCURR'D.

* ——— *excludit ſanos* Helicone *poetas*
Democritus ——— HOR. ART. POET.

THE

PROCESSIONADE:

In a Panegyri-Satiri-Serio-Comi-Baladical

VERSICLES.

Ecce iterum CRISPINUS! Juv.

By *PORCUPINUS PELAGIUS.*

THE Author being much oblig'd to the Town for the favourable Reception his little Performances have met with, thinks it incumbent upon him, as ſome late Attempts of the like Kind have been unfairly imputed to him, to declare, that he has publiſh'd nothing ſince the TRIUMVIRADE. *He has Reaſon to complain of having been uncandidly dealt with, in the Publication of a former* Piece, *even yet more ſucceſsful than the laſt, with which a Gentleman was pleas'd to make more than a little too free; not only in publiſhing it without the Author's Privity, but in making ſuch Amputations as greatly interfer'd with the main Deſign; a great many Lines have been alter'd, and, as the Author conceives, not for the beſt: And not only that, but even ſome Characters were entirely omitted, and others unkindly inverted. It ſhall ſuffice, for the preſent, to mention only the firſt and laſt Characters in that Piece.*

THE

PROCESSIONADE.

THERE are few unacquainted with th' *old Palace-Hall*,
Tho' happy are thoſe who know't not at all;
Where four ancient Rook'ries, inveſted with Pow'r,
All the Gold in the Nation and Silver devour.

Sing Tantarara, Rogues all, &c.

Twelve

Twelve Reverend Brethren, diſtinct by their Gowns,
Their Furs, and their Ermin, and Square Copple Crowns,
From among them, ſelected, preſide o'er the reſt,
And, tho' it's oft otherwiſe, ſhou'd be the beſt.

Sing Tantarara, &c.

Superior to theſe is another great Rook,
Call'd Lord *Paramount*, very learn'd in his Book,
Perch'd up on a Spray at the Will of their Kings,
From the reſt well diſtinguiſh'd by Gold on his Wings.

Sing Tantarara, &c.

The Rooks all aſſembl'd, like Sages of Law,
God ſhield every honeſt good Man from its Paw,
To oppoſe a Banditti of plundering Elves,
As the ſole Right of plund'ring they claim to themſelves.

Sing Tantarara, &c.

To the *Eagle*, may Heaven e'er grant him Succeſs,
They clubb'd out a notable loyal Addreſs,
Made a Tender, moſt ſolemn, of Lives and of Purſe,
Tho' they meant no more by't than a *Motion of Courſe*.

Sing Tantarara, &c.

And

And to tell you the Truth, for you know 'tis but civil,
To give e'en his Due to their Patron the D——l;
Th' Addreſs was well penn'd, as to Language and Matter,
Pelagius himſelf could have ſcarce done a better.

Sing Tantarara, &c.

Save, with humble Submiſſion to modern Addreſſes,
He means from his Heart what his Language expreſſes,
Whereas this Parade was no more than to prove,
The mighty Importance their C———r was of.

Sing Tantarara, &c.

From thence to the C——t, they went all in a Row,
In the Spoils of their Country, a terrible Show!
Had all Folks their own, what a Flight had been there
Of mere Fable Crows, all unfeather'd and bare?

Sing Tantarara, &c.

Paramount led the Van, all betufted with Gold,
Which, rejoicing, he oft turn'd his Eyes to behold,
The Steed in the Team more delighted ne'er ſwells,
While he leads in the Traces bejingl'd with Bells.

Sing Tantarara, &c.

If no P—l—ti—n, to fence 'gainſt the *French*,
Yet as able a Chief as e'er perch'd on the Bench;
His Hands, ſome aſſert, are as clean as his Face,
The reſt you will hear when he's out of his Place.

Sing Tantarara, &c.

The *Eagle* the loyal Addreſs well receiv'd,
But aſtoniſh'd to ſee what could ſcarce be believ'd;
Much pity'd his Subjects, ſo num'rous a Band
Of Birds, with ſuch Talons, ſhould prey o'er the Land.

Sing Tantarara, &c.

The Twelve into Fours, drew up equal and certain,
The Chief like a Dove, and the next like a *Martin*;
A free *Denizen* That, all preferr'd for their Worth,
And a bold *Anti-Codex*, long dormant, the Fourth.

Sing Tantarara, &c.

Quo' the *Eagle*, who's that with his honeſt old Face,
His Wings, like your Lordſhip's, beſpangl'd with Lace?
And who ſhould it be but the Law in its Wane,
Expreſs'd in his Honour of *C——ry-L—e*.

Sing Tantarara, &c.

How-

However, a Rook of Politeneſs and Taſte,
His Officers too, as to Gains very chaſte,
Obligingly careful, no proud ſilly Novice,
Like a *Paramour* Coxcomb in Common-Law Office.

Sing Tantarara, &c.

And here, reſum'd he, is the Law in his Strength,
Expreſs'd in the other Chief J—ſt—'s Length;
I find he treads cloſe on your Heels for the M——,
And waits, like a Cat o'er a Chink, for your Place.

Sing Tantarara, &c.

For This and for That, and for moſt Things he's fit,
For the Bench he has Law, for the Court he has Wit,
For the Camp can aſſume a bold Coll'nel-like Air,
And has wond'rous good *natural Parts* for the Fair.

Sing Tantarara, &c.

Then preſenting his worthy Aſſociates all Three,
An *Has-been* This here, That a *Never-will-be*;
But from *Grumbler* and *Conſul*, and *State-Pamphleteer*,
The Third is turn'd out in his Law pretty clear.

Sing Tantarara, &c.

Tom Rook with his Phiz ſomewhat learnedly ſour,
Was aſham'd, with his Three Harlequins, to make Four.
Their Coats were bechequer'd, juſt like their Decrees,
Right and wrong is the ſame as to Wages and Fees.

Sing Tantarara, &c.

'Tis whiſper'd, however, this Reverend Dozen,
For the Good of the Realm ſo judiciouſly choſen,
So gravely array'd in their Copples and Geers,
Complain'd of their Salaries long in Arrears.

Sing Tantarara, &c.

Next theſe introduc'd, was the *Prime* 'mong the Coif,
Who *blaz'd in the Face* like ſome Saracen Wife,
Fam'd firſt for betraying in Public his Truſt,
And then over-reaching Sir *Bob* for a Poſt.

Sing Tantarara, &c.

His Brethren all rang'd in a Line on each Side,
Out of Countenance much for their Premier Guide,
Be-perr'wig'd all o'er in heroic Array,
Like ſo many *Quins* or *Delanes* in a Play.

Sing Tantarara, &c.

Tho'

Tho' 'twas formerly ſaid, that the Coif was the Stage,
Like an Hoſpital modern, for caſt-off old Age;
Yet that now the whole Order are Conj'rers we ſee,
And can tell us the Event of a Cauſe by a Fee.

Sing Tantarara, &c.

Then Lord *Paramount*, ſingling little Sir *Dud*,
Said, tho' for his Poſt he was proper and good,
Yet if he roſe higher he'd ſink in the Scene,
And his Figure and Aſpect are rather too mean.

Sing Tantarara, &c.

And here is Sir Knight, who ſtands firſt at the Bar,
Look round o'er the Rook'ries you'll find not his Par,
Deſpiſing Preferment, he quitted his Poſt,
To ſhew by his Succeſſor what we have loſt.

Sing Tantarara, &c.

This new-fangl'd *Scot*, who was brought up at Homé,
In the very ſame School as his Brother at *Rome*,
Kneel'd, conſcious, as tho' his old Comrades might urge,
He had formerly drank to the *King* before *George*.

Sing Tantarara, &c.

Ill betide thoſe that prais'd, premature, in the South,
As a Genius this Muſhroom of North-Country Growth;
Who from flaſhing a little at firſt pretty ſmart,
Now expires with a Sound and a Stink like a F——t.

Sing Tantarara, &c.

And this is my *African* Fav'rite *Tom Cl—ke*,
Tho' dirty complexion'd, yet keen as a Shark,
His affected Grimace, and his Geſture and Shrug,
Denote him a Kind of a Male *Molly Mogg*.

Sing Tantarara, &c.

That's little *Brunetto*, ſo dapper and ſtiff,
A faithful Relator of all in his Brief;
If unheated by Fees he too languidly pleads,
And tho' often ſpeaks well, yet too facil recedes.

Sing Tantarara, &c.

The Middle-Bar Gentry paſs'd Muſter along,
But the *Eagle* perceiving, the *Fritlings* among,
A ruſty, audacious, broad, bell-mettle Front,
Enquir'd who it was of my Lord *Paramount*.

Sing Tantarara, &c.

Why

Why hur is a *King*, who, Cot-ſplut all her Nails,
Was a Kind of a Mountebank Doctor in *Wales*,
But tir'd of inſpecting old Women's Cloſe-ſtools,
Hur now 'mong the Rook'ries at *Weſtminſter* prowls.

Sing Tantarara, &c.

Then higgledy-piggledy forward they preſt,
T' evince how they all did Rebellion deteſt:
With his Sword, in an Inſtant, his Majeſty ſmites,
No leſs, o'er the Shoulders, than Six Simple Knights.

Sing Tantarara, &c.

Neglected poor Honour! derided by Wits,
Now courted alone by the Rooks and the Cits,
And eke by ſome *Weſtminſter* Juſtice of Peace,
As witneſs the Three on the former Addreſs.

Sing Tantarara, &c.

Well pleas'd all our Rooks in Proceſſion return'd
Eſpecially thoſe with new Honours adorn'd;
Next *Sunday* they went in a Row to the Church,
And among all my Ladies, my good *Lady B—ch*.

Sing Tantarara, &c.

Who's

Who's mortify'd much in the Midſt of her Joys,
To find that her Title, 'mong Girls and Boys,
Is terribly fear'd, that her Ladyſhip ſcarce
Can appear, but they cry, *Aware Hawk*, for the A—ſe.

Sing Tantarara, &c.

THE

THE

'PISCOPADE:

A Panegyri-Satiri-Serio-Comical

POEM.

By *PORCUPINUS PELAGIUS.*

Qui capit ille facit. OVID.

PREFACE.

THE *following is a Tranſlation from the* Spaniſh *of Don* Franciſco Pedro de Lopez, *an* Aſturian *by Birth. It is ſaid to have been written during the laſt Vacancy of the Capital See of* Toledo; *which was ſince conferred on Don* Lewis, *third Son of the late King of* Spain, *by the preſent Queen Dowager; as much diſtinguiſhed for his* pious *good Qualities, as his Mother for thoſe of Meekneſs and Condeſcenſion.*

As to the Verſe; in Quantity, it conſiſts of eleven Syllables, and ſometimes of twelve, according to the Run of the Line when it makes no Difference on the

Ear. In Quality, it is Burleſque, and generally uſed in humorous Compoſitions; which, like all other Burleſques, requires to be humoured in the Reading; as it is hardly practicable to arrange Words in it properly accented, according to their Senſe and Conſtruction: For if a Line does not hit well in its firſt natural Flow, an Amendment for the Sake of Accent, ſerves only to make it hobble. I have known three different Perſons read the ſame Line in three different Ways, and each Reading ſeemed agreeable to the Ear. The candid Reader, who has a Mind to be diverted, will therefore ſuffer this Obſervation to direct his reading humorous Verſe after an humorous Way, as there is no other Rule to go by.

The Tranſlator has, after the Manner of Philips's Don Quixot, *frequently ſubſtituted* Engliſh *Names and Terms inſtead of* Spaniſh *ones; the better to accommodate the vulgar Reader, and give him a more familiar Idea of the Author's Humour: Therefore, as often as they occur, they muſt be conſidered accordingly, and not as of any thing that happened in* England.

THE

'PISCOPADE.

THE Cabinet, ſummon'd, in Council conven'd,
Prodigious Conſtituents! anſw'ring the End;
Profound Politicians, ſagaciouſly ſage!
Who govern by Noſtrums the politic Stage:
Like *Turner* and *Rock* in the phyſical Train,
Each conſiders himſelf the great Stateſman of *Spain*,
Who can ſhape out the Public alone on the Anvil,
This here is a *Burleigh*, that there is a *G* * *.

As ſupreme of the Board, high aloft in the Air,
Don Præſes del Dorſo gave Law from the *Chair*;

Where late he had voted his Son out of Poſt,
To keep himſelf in with the Lords of the Coaſt:
Soporiferous there, very lordly he ſate,
Like a Judge on the Bench, when a Trial hangs late.

Then *Gow'ron Transfugos*, conforming ſo humbly,
Who had firſt diſplac'd *H**y*, and afterwards *C**y*,
Moſt ſtrangely bedumpt, took his Place at his Heels,
And, as *Lockit* his Irons, bejingled his *Seals*:
Diſcontent and Reflection imbitter'd his Face,
As tho' he ſeem'd griev'd he went down to the Race.

On his Left, ſate *Don Juan*, protub'rately big!
For he follows his Sire like a *Tantony* Pig;
Chriſt-Croſſes, at leaſt to th' Amount of a Score;
Marks dolorous, ah! on his Shoulders he bore;
In ſevere Conſtigation, ſome ſay, they were done,
For the Honour of *Turncoats* laid furiouſly on.

Next him, ſat the Coaſter *Don Tom del Vagary*,
Cheek-by-Joul with his Brother, Great *Gentleman Harry*,
Like *Caſtor* and *Pollux*, alternately ſhining,
Or rather, unlike them, together declining.

Don Caſtro del Pratum, a Wit heretofore!
But, ſince he has *coaliz'd*, Wit is no more;

In

In the Right of his Station among them attends,
Much aſham'd of himſelf, his *old* Foes, and *new* Friends;
All his old Brother Authors look'd on him oblique,
Pair'd his Coat with *Don Juan*'s, and thought them alike:
His loſt Appellation of Patriot they mourn'd,
'Till *Pelagius* aſſur'd them *his Coat was not turn'd.*
And that ſoon they would find him withdraw from his Place,
Rediſtinguiſhed with Honour and courtly Diſgrace;
Give ſome future *Cadwallader* Colour to tell,
He writes his new Paper—and ſo make it ſell. *

In the Rear of th' Aſſembly ſat *Bronzo* o'ercaſt,
His *Honour*'s moſt tractable Piece of Puff-paſte!
Very ready to take what Impreſſion he'd give,
So the *S—f—d* Petition he might but ſurvive:
Inſcrib'd, thro' an Hypocrite Veil, on his Face,
Might be read, *A Deviſe in Remainder—and Place:*
Edentula's Jordan he held in his Hand,
The Tenure annex'd to his new-ſtolen Land;
Moſt ſav'ry and od'rous however it ſmell'd!
Like the Tax which *Veſpaſian* on Urine compell'd.

Their

* 'Tis obſervable the *Grubeans* of *Madrid* uſed to make free with this noble *Don*'s Name, to give Currency to their political Productions.

Their Buſineſs was not to conſer 'gainſt the Foe,
Nor yet ſome immoderate Tax to forgoe;
Nor how to conſult, in his virtuous Receſs,
Olivarez Count Hawnos, to ſketch out a Peace;
Not ſo;—for th' Occaſion was merely domeſtic,
And, what may be wonder'd at,—Eccleſiaſtic!
But, on ſerious Reflection, the Wonder grows leſs,
For it was on the learned *Arch-Pontiff*'s Deceaſe;
Great Sire of *Toledo!*—departed that Morn,
To pay the juſt Debt, which to pay he was born:
To conſider with whom they ſhould fill up his Place,
And dubb with the Stile of *Pontifical Grace.*

The *Chair* declar'd loudly *Londono* the Man,
Let us gain him, quo' he, for a Friend if we can.

Obj.] The learned *Londono* more honour'd than lov'd,
With ſome little Reſtriction might well be approv'd,
Had he not, in his Volume, exhibited forth
Proud Lady *Eccleſia*'s high Power and Worth;
Hight *Codex*, huge Treatiſe! and then made a Handle
Of Conſcience to keep out poor Infidel *R*——.

Anſ.]

Anſ.] 'Twas right! he receiv'd Information, not
ſought;
Conſiſtent his Deed with the Doctrine he taught;
Remiſs is that Shepherd who'd lazily ſleep,
And let in the Wolf 'mongſt his innocent Sheep.
Inflexibly juſt! who believ'd not the Word
He repell'd with his mighty *Whip-Sillabub* Lord!
Of extenſive fine Parts oſtentatiouſly vain,
Yet perplex'd in maturing, and apt to o'erſtrain;
'Tho' prompt of Conception, yet hard to believe
Whoſe Skill might miſlead, and Experience deceive;
Both Favour and Juſtice to ſuch he deny'd,
And never forgave who eluded his Pride.
His Reas'ning had pleas'd if not carried too far,
And that he affected t' o'ermatch all the B*.
Tho' a Genius and quick in the Art of diſcerning,
Yet ſhort of his plain Predeceſſor in Learning:
'Tis as bad, when the Race at *Newmarket* is loſt,
In the Horſe that o'erſhoots, as falls ſhort, of the Poſt.
Tho' great 'mong the *Knowing* he ne'er was allow'd,
Yet he whipp'd up a Sillabub well for the Crowd.

While thus in Debate, as he'd Right to be there,
His *Grandeur* came in, and gave Thanks to the *Chair*.

No

No *Breaſt-plate* he wore, like the firſt of the Trade,
With the Myſt'ry and A*t of R*l*g*n inlaid;
But an high tow'ring M**re, with *Mahomet*'s Arms!
Not Ch*t's, as expreſs'd in ſymbolical Terms;
Gules, Rapiers a Brace in Saltire, Argent, he bore,
But the Pommels were Chriſtian, becauſe they were *Or!*
He declar'd, that, with Age and Infirmities worn,
He, inſtead of Promotion, expected an Urn;
That as, once in Diſcharge of his Conſcience and Truſt,
He miſs'd of the Station by giving Diſguſt,
He now had the Pleaſure in Turn to refuſe,
Reſpectfully begging, howe'er, their Excuſe:
That an old Piece of Parchment he found on his File,
Expreſs'd, beyond Doubt, it was hardly worth while.

Tho' the Board was ſurpriz'd the Refuſal to hear,
Yet with Reaſon allowing the *Nolo* ſincere,
Caſt their Thoughts upon *Tomo Superbos* the next,
For in Right of a Hint he'd a kind of Pretext.
This Lawyer's great Maſter, high Churchman elate!
Erſt Antagoniſt bold in *Bangorian* Debate,
Very learn'd! very big! very haughty and proud!
Might undoubtedly do very well, if he wou'd;
Be of Uſe to the C * h, — and the Court at a Pinch,
Perplex the Debate, and an Argument clinch:

As once he oppos'd, in ſignificant Words,
Th' Independence of Parliament, C**ns and L*ds!

As the Council was going to make out his Fiat,
Came in *Cabellano*,—My Lords, pray be quiet,
Well I know that his *Grandeur*, on hearing th' Alarum,
Has caſt up the Odds 'twixt *Toledo* and *S* **,
Taking in all his other Preferments ſo ample,
Lord *A*m*n*r*, Ch*c'l*r, Maſter o' th' *T* **;
How much he's to pay, and how long he muſt live
To regain his Diſburſements, e'er Death may arrive;
As 'twill hardly quit Coſt, he would fain be excus'd;
Beſides, he'll not take what *Londono* refus'd.

More ſtunn'd and aſtoniſh'd the Council appear'd,
Ambition ſubſiding and Av'rice preferr'd!
That the Lovers of Pow'r, and of Right to command,
Should the Station of Greatneſs one Moment withſtand!
Tho' the firſt might decline it from Profit expectant,
Yet why ſhould the latter appear ſo reluctant?
'Tis ſaid 'twas to bargain for *one* to ſucceed him;
But the Council catch'd hold of his *Nolo*, and chid him,
Proceeded to think and conſider of others,
Who'd more tractably cringe with the Views of the *Brothers*;

So deliver'd a Liſt of the Prelates to *S**,
To read out diſtinctly their Names one by one.

S. *Imprimis*, my Brother, his Grace of *A***,
Vers'd, able, and learn'd, in the *Tennis-court* Law;—
Pſhaw, (anſwer'd the *Chair*, in a Fret and a Pother)
He's a Pontiff already — Damn you and your Brother!
The *Chair* will not ſuffer you here t' impoſe,
Or be led like your Patron about by the Noſe:
To him you may dictate Preferments and Poſts,
But here you're not Lord-Paramount of the Coaſts:
That your Brother had Merit all well might diſcern,
And deſerv'd Tranſportation—but not to *Hibern.*
Read only their *Grandeurs* of *Spain* my good Friend,
And begin, as in Politics we, at the End.

S. *Pedro Burgos* ſtands junior, cognomine *T***
Who is come in at laſt, with our laſt latter *Lammas.*

Obj.] Avant! quo' *Vagary*,—he's brought in by the K[illegible]
And we muſt not indulge him too oft in a Thing;
If we grant him an Inch, he'll not reſt at an Ell,
Who then will be topmoſt we know very well!
But the Man has enough, for he holds *in Commendam*,
Reſidentiary, Canonry, Rectory *quondam.*

S. *Of*

S. *Oſbaldo Carleolum*, full far in the *North*:
Obj.] Already his Fortune's of very great Worth!
All the Bleſſing, like *Jacob*, he ſtole from his Sire,
And left his poor Brother to wade in the Mire;
Yet Heaven, like *Eſau*, enrich'd the Depriv'd,
Who, by good Application and Induſtry, thriv'd.
Or whether he piouſly meant to defraud,
Like the Pat*ch, his Brother, his Sire, and his God;
Or whether the Deed was his Father's Caprice,
'Till he ſhares with his Brother he never ſhall riſe.

Sacerdos Baſſiſhaw, new Pontiff *del Exon*: ———
Obj.] When th' Obſcure are preferr'd 'tis enough for to vex one;
Some proud *Predicator* of very ſmall Fame,
For 'till late at St. *Paul*'s we've ne'er heard his Name;
A Citizen-Friar, retailing in Trade
The A*t and the Myſt'ry of holy Parade:
He jobb'd with the *Brothers*, got in at a Leap
To a *Crook*, made but rarely Preferment's firſt Step;
Tho' *Voiſie*, with high and iniquitous Hand,
Sacrilegiouſly ſold away moſt of the Land.
There reſt he content, an odd Inſtance of Luck!
As his *Grandeur* was rais'd out of Citizen Muck.

S. *Don Vor-Tre Meneven*, on th' Edge of the Coaſt
Where the *Biſhop and Clerks* their Antiquity boaſt;
Obj.] Where from *Aff* fled the Pontiff t' avoid *Saxon*
Forage,
And potent brown Ale gives th' Inhabitants Courage;
Where the preſent Lord *Flamen*, by Brotherly Pow'r,
Over Learning and Merit broke open the Door.
If the Sire was diſbench'd, as they tell us the Story,
And excluded from *Grace* as an high-flying *Tory*,
How comes it his Children 'mong *Whigs* ſhould meet
Favour?
Why the Cock veer'd about — 'twas a notable Shaver!
Further notic'd this Son may perhaps be in Time,
So ſparkiſh, ſo beauiſh, ſo pert, and ſo trim!

S. *Don Clericos Bonos*, on *Aricon*'s Flood ———
Obj.] To be ſure a good Scholar — by Name — and by
Blood!
A Divine by Deſcent, from St. *Alban* deriving,
A Quality *Flamen*, no doubt on't believing:
Notwithſtanding all theſe, yet he is not the Saint,
Who we mean for the Service of State to tranſplant.
He will find no Tranſlation in the Year *Forty-ſeven*,
And perhaps in no other—than that into Heaven.

Take

Take Heed all ye Scholars of *Ox* and of *Cam*,
If the Quality thus will put in for the Game,
Bid adieu to your Books, Studies, Terms and Degrees,
Your Fellowſhips, Headſhips, and proud monkiſh Eaſe,
Introductive of Mitres; for ſoon will be ſeen,
That Title without, and not Merit within,
High Blood, and not Learning, good Senſe and Diſcernment,
Will prove the right Road in the C*h to Preferment:
Perhaps the ſmall M*tres of *Ha*y* the Eight',
May th' Acceptance of Learning and Piety wait;
But believe me the firſt and the ſecond Rate Flocks,
Will fall to the Share of High-Blood—and the Pox.

S. *Samelo Prænomenos*, Lord Flamen *d'Elwenſis*—*Obj.*] There *Iſaac* puff'd up miniſterial Offences,
There *Parſew* embezzled, and *Geoffry*, forſooth!
Is ſaid t'ave been free with hiſtorical Truth.
Our Apoſtle of *Smyrna* abroad went to preach,
And to trade out a little in what he could teach;
Made *Archi-decanos* by *Pontifex W**
Bid ſince into *Cambria* himſelf to betake;
And there he muſt deprecate long for the Sins
Of *Parſew* and *Iſaac*, in *Piety* Twins!

S. *Toma-*

S. *Toma-ſino de Lindos*, where erſt we are told,
The Devil o'erlook'd both the Town and the Fold.—

Obj.] The Objection is ſtrong, 'tis preſum'd, againſt him,
In hunting Preferment he fractur'd a Limb;
In haſtening along to his Patron, before
His approaching Competitor came to the Door,
He trod on his Caſſock, and fell in the Street,
And down went Canonicals into the Pit.
By Experience grown wiſer and eaſy to boot,
He will hardly be tempted to riſk t'other Foot,
To remove from a Place where he's lov'd and extoll'd;
Clean ſweeps the new Broom —— Heav'n ſend he may hold!

S. *Hut-Ton de Ban-Gorio*, in th' Hills of *Aſture*,
Where of Courſe all the Natives are Gentlemen pure
By Patent from Heaven,——
Obj.] That City, or near it,
Was fam'd for oppoſing proud *Auſtin* with Spirit,
Where, refuſing t' acknowledge the *Pope*, the good Saint
Sent the Monks up to Heaven to make their Complaint.
Fam'd too for *Pelagius*, as Hiſtory tells,
And the old Flamen *Bulkley* who ſold off the Bells.

But

But as grandeural *Mat* is allow'd of good Note,
His Relatives num'rous reſpectively vote,
Tho' he fails of *Toledo*, we'll find him a Place,
Perhaps by and by, with the Title of *Grace!*
To the *Ouſe* * from the *Menai* † is no unknown Run,
Th' Example is recent, for lately 'twas done.

S. *Necroman del Hocus Fontanenſis et Bathon*———
Obj.] Nor in *Askelon* publiſh, nor tell it in *Gathon*,
That, among all our *Reverendini* around,
There's, bleſs us! but one ſingle Conjurer found!
Great Things he can do!——Ropes of Sand he can ſpin,
'Twas he that decypher'd the Dog *Harlequin*;
Expounded the Letters, unravell'd the Jeſt,
Made a Plot of a Woman, a Dog, and a Prieſt;
Bound all the long Alphabet faſt in a Link,
And by Subſequents prov'd what Precedents might think;
Saw reverend Treaſon in Prayers prelatic,
And good Mrs. *H*yes* at the Bottom aquatic;
Saw all that *Leviathan* wiſh'd might be ſeen,
The *Paſtor* depriv'd — and himſelf made a D *;

Next

* In *Spaniſh*, the *Ebro*.
† The Straits of *Gibraltar*.

Next preferr'd to a *Crook* — then tranſlated to *W**
Where he's like to remain 'till *Don John* has the *Seals*.

S. *Gil Borto Piſcopulos Blunderon dell Aff:* ——
Obj.] A ſufficient tho' moderate *Grandural Staff*;
(Thank th' extravagant *Dunſtan*, the ſame, I ſuppoſe,
Who took with the Tongs the poor De'il by the Noſe)
Without the long Train of Preferments which *K**, †
In his *elegant Latin* ‡ annex'd to the *Thing*:
Grave et plumbum — ſaid the *Jacobite* Laic —
Such a Weight of Preferments o'erpowers the weak:
'Tis the Fate of the C*h to be ever abus'd,
Dunciadi diſtinguiſh'd, and Merit refus'd!
While Theſe ſtrut in *Purple* and wallow in Riches,
Thoſe hide, in poor *Caſſocks*, the Abſence of Breeches.
Still his *Weight* will exalt him! nay is't not agreed
He's to paſs from the *Taaf* 'twixt the *Tees* and the *Tw*d?* ‖

S. *Chi-*

† Archidiaconus, Præbendarius, Cuſtos, Augur, Rector, Prolocutor, Flamen Major, Flamen Minor, Flamen Dialis, Flamen Cæſaris, Ruſticus, Urbanus, Aulicus, Academicus, &c.

‡ Epiſtola Objurgatoria.

‖ In *Spaniſh* the *Guadelquivir*, the *Douro*, and *Garron*.

S. *Chi-Caſtrum Ben. Coll. Cantab. Matathias*——
Obj.] He had always to govern a natural Bias:
He travell'd from *Cam* to old *Taafe*, and from thence
To *Ciſſa*'s proud City, erſt ſtrong for Defence!
His Outſide exhibits a good likely Sign,
A Mark that he's not over-furniſh'd within;
Howe'er, if no Conj'rer, he's not a bad Man,
He gives us his Vote, and ſubmits to our Plan,
He is quiet and eaſy, and bounds his Deſire,
And ſeems not to court a Tranſlation that's high'r,

S. *Uſephos Cellarion*, his *Grandeur* of *B* * *,
Where Pebbles are found quite as clear as a Chriſtal:—
Obj.] He is buſy diſburſing of Money good Store,
In repairing, where never Repairs were before;
Their dilapidate *Grandeurs*, preceding, appear
To have minded the Profits much more than Repair;
To pay Maſter *Paul* by the robbing poor *Peter*,
I've frequently heard of,—*it ſerves for my Metre*;—
But ne'er of converting the Dues of St. *Paul*,
To eke out a *See* inſufficiently ſmall.
Tho' an early Conformiſt, yet ſtill he *diſſents*,
Not pockets, but ſhares with the C * h in her Rents.

'Till his Buildings are finiſh'd, there let him remain,
In Support of *Lord Flamen* he'll break Mr. *D**.

S. *Norvicos del Tomo Orien-Anglos de G** : ——
Obj.] He no ſooner ſet up, than he ſet down, his Coach;
When, diſmounted in Ruins, *Bentleon* did view it,
He inſcrib'd it, inſultingly, *Hic currus fuit!*
He ſtill, *ſemper idem*, in College had tarried,
Had he not to *Severia*'s fair Siſter been married;
Pinn'd cloſe to his Brother-in-Law's brawny Back,
He wound him aloft, as our Cooks do a Jack.
He expects not at preſent a further Advance,
Save by Riſe of that Brother, or ſome other Chance;
Unleſs he can hit it with *Ch*dl*r*, and get
The Diſſenters, like Partridge, to lie for the Net.

S. *Bos-Furius Preſbyteron*: ——
Obj] He knew how to trim,
And has got to his laſt, and no higher ſhall climb;
His *firſt* he attain'd to by goſſipping Stories,
By *Corruption and Brib'ry*, his *laſt*, 'gainſt the *Tories*;
Was advanc'd in the *Order* for that very Thing,
For which he ſhould rather have met with a String.
Let him gratefully clear with the *Scots* and their College,
Whence he ſtole his Divinity, Learning and Knowledge;
Where,

Where, forſaking his Cheeſecakes, his Tarts and his
Cuſtards;
Delight of Lord-Mayors and old City-Buſtards!
He took up the painful Profeſſion of Letters,
And learn'd it was meet to *conform* like his Betters.

S. Then comes on his *Grandeur*, learn'd *Ker-ſec del Oxon*,———

Obj.] Once ſuſpected of putting the Garb of a Fox-on;
Who withdrew, from whence Dignity was not in Call,
And wiſely conform'd where a M**re might fall.
But ſhould this be the Man, who ſo frequently preaches,
And ſeems to believe in the Doctrine he teaches,
He may raiſe in the Church ſuch a primitive Cuſtom,
As will little agree with the Sons of *Chryſoſtom*.

S. Meek *Marton Ben-Sonos* ſtands next on the Liſt:—
Obj.] Tho' as good a Lord *Paſtor* as e'er did exiſt,
And deſerves to be rais'd to a M**re that's fatter;
But he's not the Man that muſt go o'er the Water;
Tho' right for our Purpoſe, by Abſence of Spirit,
Yet very unfit from his ſanctified Merit.
Should he chance to oppoſe us, the Crowd, I'll aſſure ye,
Will be full of my very good Lord C****y,
Will daily about him for Bleſſing reſort,
For the Bleſſing's enhanc'd that oppoſes the C*t;

Impolitic therefore to make him our Maſter,
Let him walk then with God in his City of *G**r*.

S. *Avaro del Bottſon Paramontos d' l'Iſle*:——
Obj.] As he travell'd from *Nor* to the South of the Stile,
Half the Fine, which he'd rais'd to exorbitant Rate,
Departing, he graciouſly offer'd t' abate,
So he might but enſeal and deliver his Deed,
E'er th' Arrival of him who was nam'd to ſucceed.
My Kingdom is all of this World is his Text,
So that This he enjoys, he ne'er cares for the Next.

S. Tough *Pep-Los Devana Nor-Occidentalis*:——
Obj.] Purſu'd and purſuing with reverend Malice;
T' ep*ſc*p*te never he'd met with a Call,
Had he not been aſſaulted by mad Parſon *Paul*;
Had *Gaſtron* been eaſy—ſo fam'd for his Knowledge!—
He'd ſtill been but Warden of *M***r* College;
Had the Rebels Succeſs, and our Gen'rals been bang'd,
'Tis *Paul* had been *Flamen*, and *Pep-Los* had hang'd.

S. *Tyrannos del Rivulet*:——
Obj.] Long ſince wiſh'd in Heaven,
Or that never he'd quitted his Sire's native Oven;
Illiberal *Flamen!* the more is the Pity,
Both of this and of that Patriarchate old City;

One

One fam'd for the Taylor, in Statue ſtill living,
For wantonly peeping at Madam *Godiving*,
Who could ne'er, like another *Actæon*, meet Pardon,
For eying the Fruit in the Midſt of the Garden;
Sad Monuments both, to the Mortal who'd dare
Be curiouſly buſy with Woman's Affair!
T'other ever renown'd for good Races in Fame,
And giving a late hearty *Drubbing-Bout* Name:
So cautious the Prieſt that he weighs e'en his *God*,
Which he never receives 'till the Odds are allow'd;
King *Nebuchad*'s Image! but yet when he prays,
He ne'er minds the Ballance, nor makes his Eſſays:
His Pen, ſo laborious and learnedly dull!
The *Infidel*'s Labour eſtabliſh'd in full,
Inſtead of o'erthrowing;—Caſt his Book at his Head,
For an Ounce of good Silver he's a Pound of dull Lead,
Mere Dough, like the Baker of *Hereford*'s Bread.

S. *Dulmanos Wilcocion* ſtiff Flamen *deR offens*:——
Obj.] He has long in the Abbey interr'd many Coffins!
In Perſon officiating ever to win-ye,
In Defraud of the Prebend, the Ring and the Guinea;
A Noun Subſtantive *Crook*, which alone cannot ſtand
Without a Noun Adjective *D*nry* at Hand:

The

The Abbey of *Thorney* and Mitre of *Roch**,
Can, ſupporting each other, maintain a good Coach.
A Man-of-War *Praymaſter* erſt, where tho' oft
They call on the Devil, yet keep him *abaft*.
From the *Severn* he travell'd to *Medway* and *Thames*,†
And there he is like to continue it ſeems;
Propitiouſly Chance has made more than his Wiſh-up,
For ſure he could hardly e'er hope to be B * *.

S. *Candelarion Avaros*,—who wrote many Reams!
His vain Predeceſſor and he in Extremes;
This wond'rouſly ſparing, and That moſt profuſe;
Odd Oppoſites both, and without juſt Excuſe:
This hoards up his Treaſure from Light and the Day,
That contracted new Debts which he ne'er meant to pay—
The Aſſertion is falſe! they were paid by the Son;—
A little, indeed, by Lord *Froth* was begun,
T' acquire a good Name, forſooth!—nothing more.
When *Edros* prevails by the Pray'rs of the Poor,
And behaves, in the Eye of the World, ſomewhat ſager,
We may then give Attention to him and his *Wager*.

S. We have varied from Order and Rank in the Text,
Take however *Ben los Liberalis* the next;——

Obj.]

† The *Minho*, the *Guadiana*, and the *Tagus*.

Obj.] Erſt Maker of Sermons and Journal Diſcourſe,
Than Theſe nothing better, than Thoſe nothing worſe;
Defender of Treaties, *H*n*v*r's* and *Seville's*,
Leviathan's Schemes, indefenſible Evils!
Deceiv'd into theſe, he will never forget,
Nor be catch'd any more in the Miniſter's Net.
He is happy and eaſy, and thinks himſelf ſo,
A Scholar, Divine, and a Gentleman too!
He will feaſt with the Rich, and he'll feed with the Poor,
And welcome attends all who come to his Door;
His Demeanor is affable, kind and endearing,
And he lives like *Trelawney* in all Things—but ſwearing:
But yet ſhould he controvert aught in the State,
He will ſtiffly diſpute, for he loves a Debate!
Not unlike, in one Way, to the Fair when they ſcold,
For he'll have the laſt Word, and will ne'er be controll'd.

Then *Bronſo* roſe up,—mighty Rival of *Quin!*—
As wak'd from Reflection whom next to take in,
What Maſter, what Party, what Friend to betray:—
O Sages! quo' he, hear what *Bronſo* can ſay
For baſhful Deſert, long oppos'd by the Malice
Of the Magiſtrate's Hand, and the Sons of the Chalice;
Whoſe Toſſings, Repulſes, Impris'nings and Woe,
Serve only t' imbrighten and not to o'erthrow;

Laborious,

Laborious, good Man! both in Preaching and Pray'r,
Well read, if not learn'd; great *Flamen* of *Clare!*
Who th' untractable Butcher ſucceſsfully ſtuns,
Inſtructs in Conundrums and Libels in Puns;
Who, like *Paul* in the Midſt of th' *Athenians*, can preach,
And perhaps as ſincere—and as bold in his Speech!
To whom I'm indebted for all my Acqueſts,
In the Art of Perſuaſion—my Actions, my Reſts,
My Flights and my Sinkings, Obſervance of Time,
All theſe I'm indebted, O Sages! to him.
To my humble Requeſt I entreat you concede,
Let my good Brother Orator *Leyhen* ſucceed.
How well will thé M*tre his Forehead enſconſe,
Deck his large awful Brows and his reverend *Bronſe!*
'Twill effectually put to his Project a Stop,
Spoil his Talent for preaching and ſhut up his Shop:
For, give but a Prieſt high Preferment, be ſure
He ſeldom is heard above once in his Cure.

His Grace *del Vagary* oppos'd with his Babble,
And declar'd he had libell'd his Cook and his Table,
His Oleo's, Diſguiſings, Ragoûts *alamode*,
And his Belly beſide, moſt adorable God!
And that to the State, 'twas of no ſmall Concernment,
T' exclude Men of Wit from all Hopes of Preferment;

The

The *Reſtorer of th' old Elocution*, perhaps,
Might reſtore true Religion, and ſhew where we
lapſe.

Since from the *Right Grandeural* Rank you have fell,
Says another, e'en drop the whole *Order* as well;
I'll name you a Laic, as in Caſes ſo urgent
A Judge for the Purpoſe is firſt made a Serjeant,
Who from th' Impoſition of Hands may receive
His Commiſſion at once, to preach and believe.
As already he ſeems to have ſwill'd up a Drench
Of Scripture, ſufficient to poſe all the *Bench*.
Need I mention his Name who has made ſuch a Buſtle,
With his Pen and his Ink for the Gentile Apoſtle;
Who would ſilence the Preſs againſt all but his Muſe,
Which has lately emerg'd on a puerile Cruize,
Call'd at ev'ry old claſſical River's Abode,
In ſorrowful Murmurs, t' attend his *Monode*.

A Hubbub enſued, ſome cried out a Jeſt!
And ſome declar'd loudly for *Gilbo de Weſt*;
While others, more leadenly weighty, thought fit
To hollow for good Mother *Oſburne de Pit*,
Who had ſtill in the Station of Flogger remain'd,
Had he happily never the Scripture profan'd;

To the dull *Norfolk Faction*, in Cuſtody led,
He, inſtead of Correction, rencontred good Bread:
So he ne'er on the Heels of the Miniſter trod,
He might, with Impunity, libel his G * d.
Like Brother-Trade *Priſcus*, alias *Jeffrey Broadbottom*,
Whom his *Grace* and his *Honour* have penſion'd, G*d rot'em,
For abuſing his S*v*r*n in *Billingſgate* Rout,
(As *Bronſo* within, ſo did *Priſcus* without.)
Thus both met Preferment, inſtead of a String,
This for libelling G*d, That defaming his King!

The *Chair* interpos'd in a ſolemn Addreſs,
Full of Wiſdom and Learning, as well you may gueſs
Reduc'd into Order the vagrant Diſcourſe,
And confin'd it, like Marriage, for better for worſe,
To the Rank of Lords *Flamen*, from whence muſt ſucceed
Some tractable Father to fill up *Toledo*.

Arch-Halec Eborac long Spado in Spurs!
Well arm'd Capapee, or for Foot or for Horſe;
In his Right he beſwagger'd the ready-drawn Sword,
And diſplay'd in his Left th' *invariable Word*:
Like *Dimmock* he challeng'd all 'round with the Firſt,
And prov'd who *reſiſted*, by T'other, was curſt.

Im

Impreſs'd with true clerical Zeal on his Audience,
Non-Reſiſtance, at length, and Paſſive-Obedience! *

Obj.] Is it thus the learn'd *Pontiff* would have us remember
The Friends of the C*h, and the 4th of *November*?
Thus revive the old Doctrine exploded ſo long;
He but weaken'd the Side which he'd fain have made ſtrong.
G*e † needs not ſuch Tenets to eſtabliſh his Throne,
As but an unſatisfied *Stuart* ‡ would own.
Beſides the *Subſcription* he'd like to have marr'd,
As too much in ſubſcribing his Pocket he ſpar'd;
For none wou'd the Foremoſt preſume to ſurpaſs,
The Two Hundred Sterling ſubſcrib'd by his Gr*.

Anſ] Howe'er his Deficience that Way he made good,
By his Preaching, and Praying, and Speeching aloud;
Tho' his Doctrine was odd, and, indeed, obſolete,
Yet his Zeal, Approbation from all of us met.

Pro and *Con* they thus reaſon'd, when in flew a Pigeon,
Special Meſſenger e'er in Affairs of R*l**n;

* See a certain Sermon.
Philip, in the *Staniſt*.
‡ *Auſtrian*.

On the Wing ſhe coo'd, flutt'ring, as tho' ſhe'd have ſaid,
They had hit, at the laſt, the right Nail on the Head.
The *Congé d'Eliros* went down to elect,
Whom the K* in his Goodneſs was pleas'd to direct;
But the D*n and the C**r, in uſual Pray'r,
Tried firſt whether Heaven approv'd of th' Affair:
Propitious it prov'd, and inſpir'd them to chuſe
Whom, without *Præmunire*, they durſt not refuſe.
Coercive the Pray'r which makes Heaven ſubmit
To the dictated Terms of his M***y's Writ!
Then they hurried th' *Elect* thro' the Rites of old *B**,
Where, while Conſecration went forward below,
The *Dragon* preſided aloft on the Steeple,
Reproaching the Taſte of our good Chriſtian People.

* *Deſunt multa.*

THE

SCANDALIZADE,

A Panegyri-Satiri-Serio-Comi-Dramatic

POEM.

By *PORCUPINUS PELAGIUS*,
Author of the CAUSIDICADE.

——*Pictoribus atque Poetis*
Quidlibet audendi ſemper fuit æqua poteſtas.

HOR.

THE

SCANDALIZADE, &c.

LO! Weſtward the Church which in-
cumbers the Street,
And is hid by the Shops, ſo that few
People ſee't,
Which in Virtue of old Dedication
belongs.
To the ſanctify'd Hero renown'd for his *Tongs*,
Whereby, as the Legends of *Britain* diſcloſe,
He faſten'd on *Belzebub*'s aqueline Noſe,
And held him triumphantly down in the Lurch
'Till he ſign'd a *definitive Peace* with the Church.

What

What tho' it its written that *Moor* of *Moor-hall*
Kill'd the *Dragon of Wantley* with nothing at all,
Our Saint has done more, as he glorioufly fell
The Dragon's great Maſter, the Monarch of Hell!
No ſooner, however, enlarg'd than to trick us,
As the *French* treats already the Peace of *Sanvicos*,
He ſet up the *Spirit* to oppoſe the plain *Letter*,
And ſo far has got in the Treaty the better.
Alack! that the Saint did not hold him ſo faſt
So as not to eſcape, or have giv'n him his laſt.
But that would have utterly ruin'd the Jeſt,
For where there's no Devil, no need of a Prieſt.——
But hollo! my Muſe, why you ſtraggle too wide,
You're a Mile from your Purpoſe—Come back for your Guide:
So the Scribe *del Vagarios* runs heedleſsly on
'Till, loſt and bewilder'd, he calls out for *St—e.*

On the Eaſt of the Church, which oppoſes the Sun
When firſt it proclaims that the Day is begun,
Where the ancient *Al-Kibla* within is allow'd,
And religiouſly reverenc'd ſtill by the Crowd;
There, inwindow'd in Glaſs, lies a Printſeller's Shop,
Where the fam'd Mrs. *Edwards* ſet formerly up;
Not ſhe, who incautious, degen'rately wed
The Stains of *Bumbalio*'s contaminate Bed.

Bum-

Bumbalio, Bumbailif, Bumbroker, Bug-Bum, Bumbaſter, Bumboaſter, Hyperbole Tom!)
Where inſtead of the Paſtrycook's Puddings and Pies
The Sculptor's Impreſſions catch hold of our Eyes:
There elbowing in 'mong the Crowd with a Jog,
" Lo! good Father *Tobit*, ſaid I, with his Dog!—
But the Artiſt is wrong; for the Dog ſhould be drawn
At the Heels of his Maſter in Trot o'er the Lawn."
" To your idle Remarks I take leave to demur,
'Tisn't *Tobit*, nor yet his canonical Cur,
(Quoth a Sage in the Crowd) for I'd have you to know-Sir,
'Tis *Hogarth* himſelf and his Friend honeſt *Towſer*,
Inſep'rate Companions! and therefore you ſee
Cheek by Joul they are drawn in familiar Degree;
Both ſtriking the Eye with an equal Eclat,
The Bipede *This* here, and the Quadruped *That*——
" You mean—the great Dog and the Man, I ſuppoſe;
Or the Man and the Dog—be't juſt as you chuſe."
——You correct yourſelf rightly—when much to be blam'd,
For the worthieſt Perſon ſhould firſt have been nam'd.
—Great Dog! why, great Man! methinks you ſhould ſay,
" Split the Diff'rence, my Friend, they're both great in their Way.

Is't he then ſo famous for drawing a Punk,
A Harlot, a Rake, and a Parſon ſo drunk,
Whom *Trotplaid* delivers to praiſe as his Friend,
Thus a Jacknapes a Lion would fain recommend."
The very ſelf ſame—" how boldly they ſtrike,
And I can't forbear thinking they're ſon ewhat alike."
Oh fie! to a Dog would you *Hogarth* compare?
" No ſo—I ſay only they're alike, as it were,
A reſpectable Pair! all Spectators allow,
And that they deſerve an Inſcription below
In Capital Letters, *Behold we are Two.*"

But, alas! and alack! well-a-day! and ſo on,
For hardly this Argumentation had done,
E'er a Mutt'ring was heard like the Noiſe of a Crowd,
Or a Water-Mill Spout,—tho' not quite ſo loud;
When lo! all the Prints in the Shop ſeem'd in Action,
Subſiding in Parties,—dividing in Faction,
Promiſc'ouſly adverſe, they drew up pell-mell
And pelted each other with Anecdotes well,
While, alternate, to Recriminations they fell.

A ven'rable Set, who ſet all in a Row,
As ſome of th' Originals once did for Show,

O'er

O'er *Ulterius Conſilium* the Fifth did contend,
Which however went on to a Sixth for an End.
Tho' the three learned *Roberts* would have ſpoke to the Caſe,
Two Chiefs, and the Third, who deſerv'd the firſt Place,
And the firſt of the Chiefs he had certainly been,
Had the Vacancy fell in the Time of the Queen.

The Firſt both in Law and in Equity read,
O'er a little ſhort Trunk wore a very long Head,
Full equal in every Degree to his Place;
None could better expound or decide on a Caſe,
And yet even fitter, I think, for the MACE.

The Second ſeem'd ſitting as tho' he was doz'd,
And a proud diſpleas'd Look from the Bench he diſclos'd,
But out of his Robe, his ſquare Cap and his Sway,
Altogether the very reverſe every Way,
Good Wit and good Humour, obliging and gay!

The Third, the moſt affable ſure in his Sphere.
Condeſcending and free, genteel, debonair:
He could Buſineſs with Pleaſantry well reconcile,
Unravel with Patience; diſcuſs with a Smile!

In him both the Lawyer and Gentleman met,
And ſeldom together theſe Oppoſites get!
A Judge without Petulance, Av'rice or Haſte,
Whom never the leaſt Imputation diſgrac'd,
Who joy'd with th' Acquitted, and mourn'd with the Caſt.

Quo', *Niger*, uncouth in his Figure and thin,
A *Jew* all without, yet all *Chriſtian* within,
Such the learn'd Sages who ſat in my Time!——

Talk not of your Days, for they gain'd no Eſteem,
(Cry'd the plauſible Lord in the South of old *Wales*,
Where ſeldom an Yeſterday Comer prevails,)
Except in your Choice of the great Maſter *Tot—ll*,
To ſit by your Side with his Cake and his Rattle.
On a Bench ſomewhat lower, it muſt be confeſt,
You preſided with Honour and rival'd the beſt;
But prompt by Ambition to engroſs the Great *S—l*,
You relinquiſh'd the Poſt where you acted ſo well.
No Man better travell'd the Road than you did,
You hardly once ſtumbled or faulter'd or ſlid;
But when you got out to the open Champain,
Like a Ship, beating rudderleſs over the Main,
You could not the Points of your Compaſs maintain.

Talk

Talk you, reſum'd *Niger*, ſententiouſly proud,
Who officiouſly courted the ill-judging Crowd?
Your Speeches ſpun ever affectedly fine,
Invariably long and direct like a Line,
Incumber'd with Trappings, ſuperfl'ouſly vain,
Like *Celia*'s trim Pad when it ambles the Plain.
Tho' Nature did lib'rally well in her Part,
By a clear thinking Head, and perhaps no bad Heart,
Yet 'twas to a Dearth of great Men in your Days,
That you owe, if I reckon aright, all your Praiſe,
Like Moon-ſhine unſolid to ſhine in the Night,
Or a Ghoſt ever ſhunning th' Approach of the Light.
O'er thy *Titled-Eſtate* hangs a black threat'ning Cloud,
Soon ends, ſays the Scripture, the Name of the Proud,
Lo! the Baſtard defrauded, for Juſtice cries loud!

Then the *Mediterranean* two Heroes engag'd,
Full of Choler and Wrath they alternately rag'd;
Indignantly *This*, in the Swell of his Pride,
And Viſage aſcaunce, his old Rival decry'd.
Art thou the degenerate Traytor of Hell,
By whoſe Machinations and Malice I fell,

Who

Who the Fleet and thy King and thy Country betray'd;
Or lagging behind, of the Battle afraid,
Or corrupted abroad, or by Orders from Home,
The Contrivance of *Gentleman Harry* and *Tom.*
To ſlur the great Miniſter's Scheme with Diſgrace,
And to bring their new Converts and Friends into Place,
For that 'tis notorious alone was the Caſe.

Moſt deadly thy Perſon and Name I abhor,
Quo' t'other, as ever I've done heretofore;
That haughty Diſdain, that high Toſs of thy Head,
Or rather that Void on thy Shoulders inſtead,
Might become thee, perhaps, in thy Quarter-deck Strides;
But know, Tyrant, here, thy Topgallant ſubſides!
Superciliouſly ſullen, impatient and vain,
Yet trafficking o'er thy Commiſſion for Gain:
The E—ſt-I-d-a Company this will atteſt,
Who remembers poor *Johnſon* can't fail of the reſt.
Do'ſt aſk if corrupted abroad by the Foe?
Without Heſitation, I anſwer thee, *No!*
If by Orders from Home?—That's nothing to thee.
If prompt by Revenge? known only to me.

Tho'

Tho' my Squadron *came booming*, yet pleas'd I muſt own,
That I could not arrive 'till I ſaw thee o'erthrown.
But ſay, to what Motive would'ſt have us impute,
Thy arreſting my Squadron ſo cloſe in Purſuit.
The Foe that eſcap'd, I had reach'd and attack'd,
If Jealouſy had not thy Envy awak'd;
Thy Ambition, like Satan's, is far beyond Man,
It's Altitude take no Aſtrolabe can;
Tho' abſolute off of *Toulon* was thy Reign,
Yet at *Deptford* thy Topſail was lower'd amain.
There Juſtice appear'd with her Scales in her Hand,
Thee incapable render'd, me put in Command:
Both weigh'd in the Balance, each Scale in extreme,
Mine prepond'rating low, while thine kick'd the Beam,
I, Juſtice compelling, thou loſt with the Stream.

Quo' the Third in Command, with his Truncheon in Hand,
With an Air in his Viſage, half ſurly, half grand,
His Hat, *Khevenhuller*, cock'd up *a-la-mode*,
A *Court-martial* Hero in Sculpture allow'd!
Very happy, unfortunate Chiefs had it been
If the Seas of *Toulon* had but one of you ſeen;

Or

Or rather that both had at *T-b-n* been hang'd,
Then I had prevail'd and the Enemy bang'd;
The two combin'd Fleets had been heard of no more,
Brave *C-nw-ll* had liv'd and the War had been o'er;
No Work had been left to negociate at *Aix*,
Sanvicos had wanted a Name in diſpraiſe;
The Brothers, contented, their Bus'neſs had done,
And the Stateſman of *St-ff-dſhire* never had ſhone;
His Grace had unpuniſh'd inſulted the Race,
And long Informations had ne'er taken place.
Bronſo and *Selim*, *Coalition* great Names!
Hadn't left *Lei'ſter-Fields* to make court at St. *James*.
This ſtill had the *Father* continu'd t'abuſe,
And the *Son* as betray'd, had not been in the News;
That ſtill had defended th' Apoſtle St. *Paul*
From imputed Impoſture, the Devil and all,
Puff'd *Trotplaid*'s iniquitous Son of a Whore,
Tho' partly his own, for the Town to adore.
Tom Jones and St. *P—l!* can a Writer ſo nice
In his Objects of Virtue, commend to us Vice?
'Tis Nature, forſooth! and muſt bear a great Price.

Then the Falcon of *Louiſbourg* turn'd to the *Hawk*,
Pretend you with me, Brother *Drubber*, to talk?
Tho' your aqueline Beak, your long Talons, and Eyes
Reſemble Sir *P-t-r*'s, yet reach not their Size;

On

On the Pinions of Glory ſuperior I ſoar,
On *Europe*'s as well as *America*'s Shore;
I invaded *Cape-Breton*, and beat off the Foe,
Came home, and ſo gave them another good Blow;
And had giv'n them a Third hadn't you ſtept between:
Methinks, you have manag'd but oddly your Scene;
With a Force much ſuperior you hardly could beat,
You *drubb'd* them, 'tis true, but it was not complete,
You ſuffer'd the *Admiral*'s Ship to retreat.

Say you ſo, quo' the *Hawk?* prithee, Friend, let me know,
What's become of your much-boaſted Victory now?
Where's now your *Cape-Breton*, forſooth! and your Iſle?
Why reſtor'd to the Foe, as hardly worth while.
For the beardleſs *Sanvicos*, be't ſaid to his Praiſe,
Gave it up, as worth nothing, to cloſe up at *Aix*.
The other Adventure can't well be call'd yours,
That, Fame to your mighty Commander ſecures;
By him each Tranſaction and Matter was done;
'Twas he that did ev'ry great Action *alone*;
For has he not wrote in his Letter, *'Twas I*
Did this, and did that:—can an *Admiral* lie?

For it was not his Fault that he lagg'd in the Rear,
And that all Things were over before he came there;
But his Ship mov'd delib'rately on like a Snail,
And would not, on Sight of the Battle, make ſail.
Then plume not yourſelf in another Man's Robe,
Nor vie with Lord *Tar*, who has rounded the Globe,
And, thirſting for P—age, wiſh'd for juſt ſuch a Jobb.

What's that you advance, quo' the Man in the O?
Of the World emblematic, he paſs'd to and fro;
In a *Spencer* as gay as a Boy in his Geers,
But in Looks as much beaten by Weather and Years.
You ſo fam'd there, cry'd he, in the Mouth of each Fellow,
For taking, with *Six* Men of War, *Porto Bello*;
Whoſe Birth-day, forſooth! was obſerv'd with ſuch Joys,
Such Rantings, ſuch Roarings, ſuch Bonfires and Noiſe!
Whoſe Head hangs aloft, as a Sign ev'ry where,
To warn in the Porter to *Calvert*'s Butt Beer;
Who alarm'd all the Coaſt with the Coming of *Ned*,
And frighten'd our *two Brother-Stateſmen* in Bed;
Who wrote, and who printed, and publiſh'd ſuch Letters,
As were not ſo fit to be read of your Betters;

Abus'd

Abus'd and inſulted us all at the *Board:*
You are broke, and caſhier'd, and will ne'er be reſtor'd.
Very few, like myſelf, make a Quarter-deck Lord!

Is it ſo, my fine Lord, *Accapult*-Buccaneer?
The old Sailor reply'd, with a kind of a Sneer;
Unvers'd in the Art and the Miſt'ry of Sail,
Or to take, of a Voyage, a faithful Detail;
By th' Aſſiſtance of Agents thou'ſt compaſs'd the Ball,
Experienc'd Lieutenants are ready at Call.
By Chance and good Fortune you hit on a Ship,
Which however had like to have giv'n you a Slip;
By Chance 'twas you rounded the Point of *Cape-Horn*,
By Chance you diſcover'd the Iſland forlorn,
By Chance you eſcap'd being taken to *France*,
To learn the fine Shrug *a-la-mode*, and to dance,
And all your Succeſs was the Work of mere Chance!

Art thou the bold Hero, the Fav'rite of Fame,
Who with only five Servants to *Caledon* came,
Yet grew to an Army ſo num'rous and ſtrong,
That frighten'd our run-away Gen'rals along?
This ſurpriz'd at the *Pans*, you ſoon made to run,
To apprize all he met with, the Fight was begun.

That, the hardy black Tyrant of Diſcipline's Force!
You taught to confide in the Heels of his Horſe;
Then advanc'd into *England* o'er good Mother *W*—;
Very fit to command was a Man ſo decay'd!
Scour'd round all the Country along up to *D*—*y*,
'Till you heard at the Head of my Troops I was hard-by;
When, wiſely returning, you ſhunn'd future Harms,
To revel in fair *Jenny Cameron*'s Charms,
'Till we met at *Culloden* in oppoſite Arms!

Art thou the more famous great Hero, who did
Purſue me ſo cloſe at the Heel o'er the *Tweed*,
Croſs'd over the *Spey*, and fell all on a ſudden,
So furiouſly on in the Plains of *Culloden*?
Where, as *Jacobites* tell us, you flew o'er the Slain,
Rekindled the Slaughter'd to kill o'er again,
Where all the old Women throughout that old Realm,
Old Women there are, beſides thoſe at your Helm;
Pronounc'd you ſhould gain never Victory more,
And that *Saxe* ſhould revenge me of *Jacobite* Gore;
But what need you care, you have got your Reward,
It's Magnitude ſhews how ſome People fear'd!
A Reward! which perpetuates jointly our Names,
The terrible Frights which I rais'd at St. *J*—!

Great

Great Danger enlarges for ever the Soul,
And who gives in his Fright always gives like a Fool.
Now Peace is proclaim'd, and that falſe *Louis Quinze*,
Having done his own Buſineſs, my Int'reſt declines,
I am order'd to wait on the *Pope* and my Sire,
While you to the Shades of ſweet *Windſor* retire,
From the Hurry and Noiſe of the City remote,
Your Cares in the Arms of a Fair one forgot,
The Bum-bailiff's Daughter, or cleanly *Marmot*.

The King of the Iſland far out in the Seas,
Directly in Front of the falſe *Genoeſe*,
His Body in Armour, his Head in a Wig,
Strange Dreſs for a Camp, prepoſt'rouſly big!
His Mien diſcompos'd, and his Eyes in a Fright,
As when the bold *Koningſegg* ſtorm'd him at Night;
When, with *Broglio*, oblig'd to deſert his Command,
This in Night-gown and Slippers—That with Breeches in Hand.
Quo' he, you may compliment, Sirs, as you pleaſe;
Perhaps I myſelf may croſs over the Seas.
For if it be true, what ſome People advance,
Tho' credited little with us or in *France*,
That the *Frowel* begot the Male Child on the *Pan*,
Where's the Caſuiſt? where the Civilian that can
Deny to my Face that I am not the Man?

That,

That, reſponſive the Monarch *Borruſian*, will I
With very good Arguments flatly deny.
That Proteſtant Iſle, as well you as I-know,
Reject the Abſurdity *Jure Divino*.
That the many is made for one Man they diſown;
But the Man for the many, tho' born to a Crown!
And therefore, retaining ſome Pow'r in their Hands,
Their Kings are not abſolute in their Commands,
They are bound within Laws, beyond which they can't go,
Excepting to *H*——*r* only,——or ſo.
I've a Right in Remainder, and therefore inſiſt,
Hereditary Right is, no more than a Jeſt:
The Poſſeſſor, you know, will eſtabliſh his Throne,
You've heard, 'gainſt what Father 'twas done by the Son;
The Sire would reſume, but he could not prevail,
Too late he found out he had Cauſe to bewail,
The Son on the Throne, and the Father in Jail!

Quo' *Gallus*, Great Grandſon of old *Mazarine*,
Who begot the perfidious *Le-Grand* on the Queen,
Would you ſeek out a Sceptre where Parliaments ſway,
Where the M—y govern, and Monarchs obey?

To

To be forc'd, upon ev'ry Occaſion to bribe
An abandon'd, corrupt, moſt untractable Tribe,
Averſe to their Duty! like *Craſſus* of old,
Or modern * * *, devoted to Gold.
A profligate Nation, full ripe for the Chain,
Where they ſell off themſelves to be ſold o'er again.
A People, as one of their Poets well ſays,
No Monarch could govern, or God could e'er pleaſe!
Where the Sov'reign is kept by a Faction in durance,
And *Two Brothers* govern by dint of Aſſurance;
But why, my good Friend, and my Pupil of *France*,
Who taught you the Nicety of Complaiſance;
To prevaricate likewiſe, and trick *a-la-mode*,
With Men upon Earth, and in Heaven with God;
Why, I ſay, ſo ſevere on *Emanuel*'s Sore,
Now our own in Alliance by Marriage Pow'r?
Suppoſe, in Reply, he'd retorted the Blame,
Your undutiful Plot, and your run-away Scheme,
From your Country, your Father, your Home and your King,
The confed'rate Lieutenants ſad Fate in a String!
Whoſoe'er has deſerv'd or the Halter or Block,
Should be cautious of mentioning either, or mock,
But there be, who are known to've a very good Stock.

Cleopatra

Cleopatra, theſe Kings, quo' *Juliet*, talk all,
We Queens can't put in for a Toſs at the Ball;
They may ſay what they pleaſe of their Sceptres and Pow'r,
We can humble them down in the Eighth of an Hour;
We ſubdue not to kill in their butcherly Way,
Embraces our Weapons, our Battles but Play.
Superior you are, I muſt own, in your Fame,
Great-Britain and *Ireland* your Conqueſts proclaim;
With powerful Art you diſplay your wide Shield,
And take in, by Turns, ev'ry Spear in the Field;
Whole Troops you take Pris'ners, and glorioufly dare,
While only one Captive can fall to my Share;
One ſingle Companion is all that I claim,
Like the Turtle, with him, in the Deſart I am,
Or the Parable Prophet's poor Man with his Lamb.

In anſwer, retorted the Tragedy-Queen,
Not leſs than myſelf are you virtuous, I ween,
This Diff'rence, however, between us there be,
You're the Right of another, while I am quite free;
What e'er you're poſſeſs'd of is Matter of Truſt,
You've Accounts with your Huſband to ſtate and adjuſt;

While

While I, unembarras'd with Maſter or Spouſe,
Can neither the one or the other abuſe:
Incapable therefore of raiſing the Horn,
I range thro' the World; for Confinement I ſcorn.
But wherefore, in different Attitudes here,
You thus, in the Guiſe of two Perſons appear,
As tho' you had meant, that the Sculptor ſhould mend,
By practiſing various, his Hand in the End:
Or did the two Rivals endeavour t'excel?
The Spouſe drew you ugly, the Keeper a *Belle!*
But if I judge right, by th' Extent of your Mouth,
They need not have quarrell'd, there's room for them both;
To the dark Shade of *Tartarus*, wide is the Gate,
But that to *Elyſium* is narrow and ſtrait,
Alternate Poſſeſſion is not a bad State.

That's a Touch, quo' *Mac Flora*, on you, my dear *Con*,
For two Mezatinto's of you have been done;
You thought that the firſt was not handſome enough,
And therefore condemn'd it as pitiful Stuff.
You publiſh'd it bore no Reſemblance to Truth,
And was rather more like to wild *Peter* the Youth.
Again muſt the Sculptor attempt an Eſſay,
And give to *September* the Charms of ſweet *May*.

He has curiouſly done it, and if it be true,
A fairer there's none, or a lovelier than you;
To gain ſuch a Beauty, who would not deceive?
But the Wonder is rather, how the De'il one could leave.
Strange! you held not in Spouſal, for better for worſe,
Save one Ingrate only, half Mule and half Horſe,
A Trader in Beauty, a Broker in Love,
A BATAVIAN alone from your Side could remove;
From thy ſorrowful Lines he'll no Honor receive,
The ſtigmatiz'd *Tartuff* there alſo will live,
While all reading Maidens learn Caution and grieve.

You ſqueeze up your Mouth, Madam *Flora*, ſo tight,
Well the Men are appriz'd what is ſignify'd by't;
Aſſignations of Love you'll diſdain, I ſuppoſe,
One only except with the Lilly *White Roſe*.
While him o'er the Mountains you carefully led,
The Heath on Occaſion——might have made a good Bed.
That I judge, I muſt own, by myſelf in the Caſe,
Had he found what I loſt, when they ript up my Lace,
My Hero! my Sov'reign! brave King of the Fair!
More eſpecially thoſe who unfortunate are,

I had

I had not been left to appeal to the Town,
Againſt Injuries hardly before never known,
To any, myſelf but excepted alone.

Damn the B-t-s, quo' *Quin*, in his Sir *John Brute* Tone,
Or rather, which ſtill is more brutiſh, his own;
What means theſe two Players: Blood and Ooons, with a Pox;
This here caſting downwards intenſly her Looks;
That diſcloſing her tempting Protub'rance of Breaſt,
Which calls for the Hand, and invites to the Feaſt.
But yet to acknowledge the Truth on their Part,
The Copies are far of th' Originals ſhort.
But *Garrick*, thou little proud Imp of the Stage,
I laugh when I ſee thee in *Lilliput* rage,
In Comedy ever a Fribble or Toy,
A *Lothario* in Buſkin, or Hobble-de-hoy.
For the Sculptor's Impreſſion what is thy Deſert?
Like a Taylor on Sunday, ſo trim and ſo pert!
Yet, forſooth? the true Figure of *Richard* muſt be
Shewn in thee to the Public, as well as in me.
But as well may a *Jack'napes* be ſhewn for a Man,
Or a draggle-tail Goſling contend with a Swan,

As thou ſhould'ſt, in vain Competition, preſume,
To rival Great *Quin* in the Buſkin and Plume,
In the Monarchs of *Britain*, or th' Heroes of *Rome*.

What, *Garrick* reply'd, is thy Claim to a Print?
Is't to ſhew to the World how ſurly thou'rt in't?
In Sir *John* and ſuch Parts, thou'ſt a natural Brawl,
Who ſees thee in theſe, ſees thee acting in all;
Thy Voice a monotonous Cadence imparts,
Too ſparing thy Actions, and thoſe but by Starts;
Sometimes ill-adapted, as if in a Huff,
Thou art punching thy Belly, or ſtripping to Buff.
As well in compare may the Brewer's Dray-Horſe
Be ſet 'gainſt a Racer which ſkips o'er the Courſe,
As thou, my good Friend, be oppos'd againſt me,
In the Wiles of King *Richard* ſo boaſted by thee
In *Othello* or *Lear*, diſtinguiſhing Three!

Lo! old Captain *Coram*, ſo round in the Face,
And a Pair of good Chops plumpt up in good Caſe,
His amiable Locks hanging grey either Side
To his double-breaſt Coat o'er his Shoulders ſo wide.
Malcontented, he cry'd, 'tis with Sorrow I ſee
A Scheme made a Job of, projected by me.

This

This ſame *Nova Scotia* will hardly ſucceed
To provide for a Lobſter abroad was the Deed,
Boundry Commiſſi'ners, and Agents, and Clerks,
Loungers, and Leaches, and ſuch kind of Sharks.

Then Architect *Biggs*, ſo lumb'ringly full,
Like the Church he erected, expenſively dull.
Addreſs'd the old Captain; prithee why doſt thou ſob?
Nova Scotia's in very good Hands for a Jobb:
For is not the Government civil forſooth!
With all its free Laws, in the Governor's Mouth?
But this is not all the Effect of thy Pains,
The *Hoſpital Foundling* came out of thy Brains.
To encourage the Progreſs of vulgar Amours
The breeding of Rogues and th' increaſing of Whores,
While the Children of honeſt good Huſbands and Wives
Stand expos'd to Oppreſſion and Want all their Lives.
Was it conſcious of revelling erſt in the Sport,
That hath prompted thee thus to deprecate for't?
For, methinks, I can ſtill in thy Countenance ſee,
Thou haſt many a Laſs grappl'd under the Lee;
But thou'rt in thy Projects ſo wondrouſly nice,
Thou quit'ſt them as ſoon as they're ſet to a Price,
So teſtily honeſt thou art in thy Choice.

Quo'

Quo' the golden-ear'd *Ricard* to Patriot *Bernardo*,
A powerful Alderman each in his Ward-O!
Methinks, you look bigger in Print than in Stone,
Here larger than at the Exchange you are done,
Where the Merchants admiring gape fervently at-you,
And hope to be hewn out likewiſe into Statue.
What Honour from Portraits can Citizens claim,
While Players can draw from the Sculptor the fame;
From the Fields of old *Goodman* you chas'd them away,
As they ruin'd our 'Prentices all by their Play.
But pray, Brother Cit, is it true that you trim?
'Tis ſaid you're a *Pellamite* up to the Brim.
That you've help'd them to Caſh is a very plain Caſe,
Your Scheme for reducing the Int'reſt takes Place;
And if there is Truth in the public Report,
Your Friends are preferr'd in the Camp and in Court.
That you've loudly declar'd for the Peace, it is true,
And rival in Brok'rage proud *Gideon* the Jew;
Is this your Attachment to long-headed *John*?
How ſoon you've forgot the fair Sov'reign of *Hun*!
What was anciently ſaid by the Scholar True ſtill-is,
Tempora mutantur & nos mutamur in illis.

Indeed,

Indeed, Brother Alderman, that you're a Cit,
Quo' the ſober *Bernardo*, appears by your Wit.
'Tis true, for the Peace I did loudly declare,
Becauſe the *Two Brothers* knew nothing of War.
That I help'd them to Money is likewiſe as true,
Unwilling my Country ſhould ſink in my View.
Oft my *Yea* among thoſe of the Court did appear,
But 'twas to defray the Supplies of the Year;
Still with long-headed *John* are my Heart and my Hand,
And the fair Queen of *Hun* may my Service command.
But when blundering Pilots have ſeiz'd on the Helm,
With their Ears full of Wool, on their Eyeballs a Film.
I muſt not lie bye unconcern'd in the Ship,
And not lend a hand when ſhe ſinks in the deep,
Like the Paſſenger erſt, or *Jonas* aſleep.

Then *Colley* cry'd out to *Mac Swiny*, Hah! Friend,
Stop my Vitals, I'm glad you're ſo far from your End;
Once Patron of Wit, of the Buſkin and Stage,
Diſengag'd in your Mien, unincumber'd your Age.
Your reſpectable Head cover'd o'er with white Hairs,
Your Face full and open, unwrinkl'd with Cares,

Un-

Unconcern'd you ſit looking about in your Chair,
And lift the white Beaver aloft with an Air,
As tho', in your Age, you would ſet up to dare.

What, ſtill, my Friend *Colley*, in plenary Bronze,
Which grac'd, anſwer'd *Swiny*, my Company once;
Tho' early thy *Proff'rings* conſpicuouſly ſhone,
And thy uſual *Outdoings* were never outdone.
Very ſtrange Apprehenſions ſtill haunted my Hope,
As ſome Prognoſtications methought of a Rope
Diſclos'd in thy Looks; but I'm wond'rouſly glad
I'm deceiv'd in th' unlucky Opinion I had;
Tho' all muſt allow thou'rt a Genius for Play,
In Tragedy ſolemn, in Comedy gay;
An excellent Judge of the Drama and Scene,
Beyond what theſe Times have ever yet ſeen;
An Original both off the Stage, and upon,
Heav'n ſend that thy Fate mayn't devolve on thy Son!
Yet how haſt thou chanc'd on a Call into Court,
To drink up the Sack ſo unqualify'd for't?
Thou'ſt worn quite down to the Stumps *Joyous Morn*,
And the Crambo reſponſive of *Great Cæſar born!*
Thou ſeem'ſt to denote of Ideas a Dearth;
But I ſee thou'rt inclining to old Parent Earth,

Thy

Thy Fame, in Appeal, to Poſterity yielding,
Thy Bronze to thy Son, and thy Lawrel to *F—d—g*,
That Fame, as an Author, ſo long in the Building.

Hoa! there, to whom none can, forſooth, hold a Candle,
Call'd the lovely-fac'd *Heidegger* out to *George H-d-l*;
In arranging the Poets ſweet Lines to a Tune,
Such as, *God ſave the King*, or the fam'd *Tenth of June.*
How amply your Corpulence fills up the Chair?
Like mine Hoſt at an Inn, or a *London* Lord-May'r,
Three Yards, at the leaſt, round about in the Waiſt,
In Dimenſions your Face like the Sun in the Weſt;
But a Chine of good Pork, and a Brace of good Fowls,
A dozen-pound Turbut, and two Pair of Soals,
With Bread in Proportion devour'd at a Meal,
How incredibly ſtrange, and how monſtrous to tell!
Needs muſt that your Gains and your Income be large,
To ſupport ſuch a vaſt *unſupportable* Charge!
Retrench, or e'er long you may ſet your own Dirge.

Thou Perfection, as far as e'er Nature could run,
Of the ugly, quo' *H—d—l*, in th' ugliest Baboon,
Human Nature, and even thy Maker's Disgrace,
So frightful thy Looks, so grotesc is thy Face!
With a Hundred deep Wrinkles impress'd on thy Front,
Like a Map with a great many Rivers upon't.
Thy lascivious Ridotto's, obscene Masquerades,
Have unmaided whole Scores ev'ry Season of Maids.
Would'st upbraid with Ill-nature as monstrous and vast,
My moderate Eating, and delicate Taste,
When I paid but Two Hundred a Year for my Board;
True, my Landlord soon after the Bargain deplor'd;
Withdrew, became Bankrupt, a Prey to the Law,
His Effects swallow'd up in disputing a Flaw,
'Mong Councel, Attornies, Commissi'ners and such,
And all the long Train so accustom'd to touch.
But what is this Matter of Bankrupt to me,
All Folks must abide by the Terms they agree,
If guilty my Stomach, my Conscience is free.

The mendicant Son of the pious St. *Francis*,
Grown pale o'er the Lamp and religious Romances,
With Mortification inscrib'd in his Looks;
In his Hand swung a Basket of Scraps from the Cooks

For

For the Uſe of the Convent, while yet for his own,
On his Back in a Wheat-ſheaf he carried a Nun.
Hold, quo' he, Brother Flogger, aſtride of the Fair,
With her lovely Poſteriors expos'd to the Air,
Deface not that delicate Proſpect with Wounds,
Spare that lilly-white Pair of delightful Half-rounds;
Say, barbarous Man, what's the Meaning of this?
How can you chaſtiſe, where you rather ſhould kiſs,
The Verge of the Court ever privileg'd is.

Brother, anſwer'd the Flogger, 'tis not for the Sin,
But becauſe I've found out where a Rival has been;
Lo! I'm not ſo ſevere, my Scourge is of Furrs,
'Tis the Tail of a Fox I apply thus to hers;
My Heart, I muſt own, does my Stripes countermand,
More in earneſt my Eyes are employ'd than my Hand;
But hah! my good Brother, what's that I diſcern?
A Pair of bright Eyes peeping out thro' your Corn;
A Pair of long Heels too, and fine pointed Toes,
The Feet of a Woman, by G-d, or her Shoes!
Say our Order, ah! Brother, whatever it will
Nature's oppos'd by Reſtriction but ill;
There is in a Woman a *natural Cauſe*,
Like a Magnet the *Needle* it pow'rfully draws,

True, her Abſence does mortify much to our Coſt;
But 'tis too much of Woman that mortifies moſt,
Very numerous they who are loſt on that Coaſt.

The two next that began at each other to lour,
Was Preſbyter *Tom* and his Gr— of *Cantaur*:
Each fam'd in his Way, was much reckon'd upon,
This Prime of th' *eſtabliſh'd*, and that of *Non-con!*
Whoſe rev'rend good Looks and ven'rable Hairs,
Concur in diſplaying near Seventy Years.
Hairs! white as the band ſpreading under his Chin,
Or his Innocence dwelling, all conſcious, within.
Plain was his Garb, like the Doctrine he taught,
But not without Seam, as his Maſter's was wrought,
With the Church he ſtood well, but was ſtrong againſt Tithe,
In Company eaſy, and decently blithe.
Never angry, unleſs that an Oath ſhould have flown,
Or that any aſſerted that Three was not One.
Quo' he, my good Lord, you look wond'rouſly great,
With your Furbeloes round, and your Flounces in pleat,
Your Silks and your Lawns, and your Black and your white!
But, methinks you appear diſcompos'd with a Fright;

Your

Your Eyes look aghaſt with a horrible Glare,
Like *Garrick*, in *Richard* of *England*, you ſtare!
As tho' that th' *Italian* Advent'rer was come,
At the Head of his Rebels with Bagpipe and Drum.
Ill the Wind, quo' the Adage, which Good to none blew,
What has hang'd up ſo many, has dignify'd you;
For it's very well known, but for that bloody Work,
You ſtill had remain'd Father Pr-m-te of Y—.
That you've well done your Duty it muſt be confeſs'd,
You fought like a Soldier, and pray'd like a Prieſt,
Jack-boots be your Arms, and a Sabre your Creſt!

Tho' Foe, quoth his G—, to Church Tithes and to Dues,
You never a moderate Off'ring refuſe;
You're as deep, in effect, as ourſelves, in the Mire,
Tho' the Form you reject, you accept of the Hire.
If my Robe is incumb'ring, your Coat tho' ſo plain,
Bears a Cut *a-la-mode*, and is therefore profane.
Be't ſo that we two be Philoſopher-like,
If you at my Robes like *Diogenes* kick,
You'll allow that, like *Plato*, I likewiſe may chide,
And ſay your plain Coat may contain as much Pride.
Come, come, Brother Prieſt, let's walk Side by Side.

Then

Then old *Æſculapius*, in Phyſic a Sage,
A very good Figure, conſid'ring his Age!
Sometimes out of Faſhion, ſometimes again in,
For ſo, as Occaſion occurr'd, has he been.
Pourtray'd very gracefully grand in his Chair,
Much eſteem'd by the Men, much *chaſtiz'd* by the Fair.
But you, *Pill-man*, you *Drop-man*, you *Noſtrum-man*, there,
With all your ſham Patients, how ſtiff you appear?
Pray what's the Ingredient that makes up your Pill?
How dare you preſcribe without Knowledge to kill?
Theſe may perhaps inſtance the Cures you have made,
But where are all thoſe who've been loſt by your Trade?

The Nameſake, replying, of the Son of old *Nun*,
An Aſtronomer vaſt, who arreſted the Sun!
The Syſtem of Phyſic was firſt like a Wood,
One could not get thro' for the Branches that ſtood,
'Till the Doctors *Hippocrates*, *Galen*, and more,
Cut their Paſſage quite thro' and left open the Door.
He's a Doctor of courſe who keeps in the Track,
But if he ſucceſsfully deviates, a Quack;

He

He is *rectus in curia* who murders by Rule,
But who cures by the bye is a dangerous Fool.
You exclaim at my *Noſtrum*, becauſe it is ſo,
You ſhould not condemn an Affair you don't know;
You may, learnedly dull, be obedient to rule,
Attend to the Pulſe and inſpect the Cloſe-ſtool,
Preſcribe in corrupt Combination with Shops,
And ſurfeit your Patients with nauſeating Slops,
My *Drop* I'll adminiſter, guiltleſs, or Pill,
And as few as the leaſt of the Faculty kill.
What is it to me what the Faculty blames?
Lo! *M-t-m-r*'s cenſur'd, as likewiſe is *J*——;
Both theſe in the Arms of *Hippocrates* bred;
Large Volumes the laſt hath both written and read,
And prithee, what Doctor among you ſo clever?
He cures with a Mouthful of Powder a Fever.

Lo! ſweet Lady *Peace*, ſo diſpos'd at her Eaſe
Sanvicos's Daughter, begotten at *Aix*,
Definitive Madam! I'll ſing you a Song,
For it ſeems your *Definity* will not laſt long,
With your Olive, quo' *Barb*, in your Lilly-white Hand;
In the other a Rapier quite out of Command:

That

That very ſame Rapier we humbly preſume,
Which fought ſo abroad, and was loſt ſo at home;
Which, ſcorning to run with its Maſter away,
Slipt off from his Side, and was left in the Fray.
With its Point to the Ground it now uſeleſs reclines
'Till the War is rekindled by good *Louis Quinze*.

Is it you, anſwer'd ſhe, with his Sonnets and Catches,
Your Cavalier Air and your Hand in your Breeches?
Your Bawble-ſtring dangling a-down with a Knob,
To ſhew you've a *Pinchbeck* that lurks in your Fob.
You, forſooth! muſt a Lady of Quality wed,
Say, how did her Quality reliſh in Bed?
And which of you two did moſt ſtupidly err,
She in marrying thee, or thou marrying her?
But finely embroider'd, indeed, is your Veſt,
Lo! a Beau of fine Taſte ev'ry Way, I proteſt!
A Face not ill form'd, had it not been ſo round,
An infallible Mark you're but mod'rately crown'd,
Like moſt of your Brethren, the Lovers of Sound.
Then a Voice quite unknown, cry'd out, Candidate *Van*,
Beware! the *High-B—l—f* turns Cat in the Pan.

But

But methinks, you owe more for your Form and your Feature
To your Maker in Sculpture, than your Maker in Nature,
Whom the clamorous Sons of the Bones and the Clever,
Cry up with a *Vandepotijah* for ever!
Well turn'd in your Perſon, genteel in your Mien,
Or ſo by my Lady, at leaſt, you were ſeen.
Two *Soſia's!* i'faith, as in *Dryden* or *Plautus*,
Maſter *Ridley* has varied what *Knapton* had brought us.
Rivals contending for Fame in the Charge,
This here gives a *V-nd—t*, that a Sir *G—*;
Both with one Hand *negligé* in the Breaſt,
As tho' you were ſure of th' Election confeſt,
The other extended, as tho' to receive
The kind Contributions th' Electors may give:
Of the Quarrels regardleſs, the Flouts and the Fleers,
And the Challenges eke of the two Scrutineers,
As if the bad Voters were all on Behalf,
Of *Tear'em*, the Son of old *Gore'um* of *Staff*.
But the Sculptors have vied in a delicate Taſte,
And even great *Tamerlain*'s Painter ſurpaſs'd,
In covering the little Defect of the *Caſt*.

The ſtudious Philoſopher waking at once,
As out of the Depth of a very deep Trance,
Unclenching his Fingers and ſcrubbing his Pate,
All bare, and cloſe ſhav'd, without Perr'wig or Hat.
Staring frighted around him, and raiſing his Voice,
Cry'd out, what a Devil d'ye mean by this Noiſe?
I'd the Longitude faſt in my Ken making out;
In three Minutes more I had done it no doubt,
Had I not been diſturb'd in the Thread of my Thought,
Which juſt to the Point of Perfection was brought.
As a Fowler who's gotten the Game in his Eye,
And preſenting his Piece, is about to let fly,
Alarm'd by the Dogs in the Wood, in a Fright,
It takes to the Wing and is ſoon out of Sight;
So I—ah! farewel Thirty Thouſand good Pounds,
The Reward of the Parliament!——Ad's Blood and Ounds!

But above, the two Savages, beating the Hour,
The deliberate Clock ſounded Twelve, and no more,
The Charm was diſſolv'd, and the Prints loſt their Power.

The KEY.

PAGE 95. St. *Dunſtan*'s Church.
96. *Sanvicos*, *S--d--ch.*
del Vagarios, *N--c--le.*
Bumbalio, Auctioneer *J-nes.*
98. l. 3. *Trotplaid*, *F--ld--ng.*
99. l. 3. *R. Raymond.* *R. Eyre.* *R. Price.*
100. *Niger*, L-d Ch--ll-r *K--g.*
l. 10. L-d Ch--ll-r *T-lb-t.*
101. l. 13. Here hangs a Tale.
l. 18. Ad--l *M-th--s.*
102. l. 4. The Two Brothers.
l. 9. *L-ſt--ck.*
104. l. 4. The brave Captain *Cornwall.*
l. 8. L-d *G--r.*
l. 11. *Bronſo* and *Selim*, *P--t* and *L-t-lt-n.*
l. 13. The K--g.
l. 14. The P--ce.
l. 22. Ad--l *W--n.*
l. 23. *H--k.*
106. l. 8. and 10. L-d *A-ſ-n.*
l. 13. Ad--l *V-r--n.*
107. l. 17. Young Che-l--r.
l. 20. *C-pe* and *H--l-y.*
108. l. 10. D-- of *C--b--l---d.*

109. l. 10. K--g of *S-rd--a.*
110. l. 1. K--g of *P--ſ-a.*
l. 18. K--g of *F--ce.*
111. l. 15. K--g of *S-rd--a.*
112. l. 1. Mrs. *W-f-gton* and Mrs. *C-bb-r.*
113. l. 16. *Con. Ph--l-ps.*
114. l. 6. *M-ilm-n.*
118. l. 1. *H-re* and *B-rn-rd.*
119. l. 9. L--d *Gr-nv-le.*
122. l. 2. *H--del.*
124. l. 5. Mr. *B-db-ry* and the A-ch-B--p.
126. l. 1. *M--d.*
l. 13. *W-rd.*
127. l. 21. *B--rd.*

THE

THE PASQUINADE.

WITH

NOTES VARIORUM.

BOOK the FIRST.

Ay, 'tis a Cruſt, a laſting Cruſt for the Rogues, I would be glad to ſee the proudeſt of them all but dare to nibble at this,—if they do, it will rub their Gums for them I promiſe you.

BAYES.

THE PASQUINADE.

BOOK the FIRST.

O Chief in Verſe! O ev'ry Muſes' Care!
Pride of each mortal and immortal Fair!
Whether

ANNOTATIONS.

Paſquinade.] As it is highly neceſſary that every Writer, who publiſhes his Works for the Inſtruction and Emolument of the Publick, ſhould write in ſuch a Manner as to be underſtood by thoſe of a common Capacity, as well as by thoſe, who, as the Poet ſays,

—— *Peruſe a Work of Wit*
With the ſame Spirit that its Author writ;

Or,

Whether enraptur'd with *Urania*'s Charms,
Or ſunk in *Chloe*, or *Amanda*'s Arms;

Whe-

ANNOTATIONS.

Or, if he does not, as it is highly becoming the Scholiaſt to make them familiar to ſuch Readers, I ſhould think myſelf very unworthy to illuſtrate the following Poem, did I paſs over the *Name* itſelf; which, tho' ſome Critics may underſtand, I am perſuaded many do not.——Know then, that *Paſquin* was a *Cobler*, who work'd in his Stall at *Rome*, about the Beginning of the fifteenth Century; and, being a Fellow of ready Wit and a ſatyrical Diſpoſition, the People flock'd about him to hear him rally and talk Politics, at which he was very expert. After his Deceaſe, the Statue of a Gladiator being dug up near his Stall, it was ſet up and call'd *Paſquin*; the *Wits*, his Pupils, taking it in their Heads, in honour to their *dead* Maſter, to ſtick their Lampoons, Satires, and Libels thereon; all which were termed *Paſquinades*. If thou doubted, Reader, whether this Poem was ever hung on the ſaid Statue, if thou take a Walk to a certain Corner of the Palace of *Urſines* in *Rome*, thou may'ſt enquire further concerning it.

Line 1. *O chief in Verſe.*] The great Perſonage here addreſſed, from what we may gather from the following Lines, can be no other than Dr. *John Hill*, *Acad. Rege Scient. Burd.* &c. *Soc.* and *Inſpector General* of *Great Britain*.

Lines 3, 4. *Whether enraptur'd*, &c.] Theſe Lines ſeem to hint at the Amours of Mr. *Inſpector*, ho has ſo often celebrated, in his Works, his *Chloes*, *Daphnes*, and *Amandas*, all Ladies of Quality, whoſe Favours, ſome have been bold enough to ſay, have been of the ſame Nature with thoſe he

received

Whether eternal Bays thy Temples grace,
Or thy lac'd *night-cap* well ſupplies their Place;
Whether with *Goddeſs*, or with earthly *Qual*,
You ſaunter down *Parnaſſus*, or the *Mal*;
Or, in Philoſophy profoundly wiſe,
You pore intent with microſcopic Eyes,

New

ANNOTATIONS.

received from the Muſes; purely imaginary; but we preſume not to aſſert this Opinion, 'till we have ſome Authority to ſuppoſe thoſe Ladies as chaſte as the Siſters of *Parnaſſus*.

Line 6. *Or thy lac'd Night-cap.*] A Night-cap, ornamented with *Bruſſels* Lace, which this Enamorato uſed to wear on particular Occaſions, when honour'd in the Embraces of *Quality*. ANON:

Line 8. *You ſaunter down.*] Alluding to a *Je ne ſcais quoi* in the Carriage of this Gentleman, by ſome virulent Writers, called an *indolent Waddle*, by others, *a janty Air*.——Vide *Libitina ſine conflictu*, *Woodward's Letter*, &c.

Line 10. *You pore intent with microſcopic Eyes.*] From the Contradiction this Paſſage ſeems to imply to that of another great Author and Philoſopher, who ſays,

Why has not Man a microſcopic Eye?

It might poſſibly be concluded that ſome Miſtake had happened, either in tranſcribing or printing this Line; and that our Author intended it, *thro' microſcopic Eyes*, meaning the Eyes, or the Glaſſes of his Microſcope: But, if any Credit

New Worlds diſcover in a *Catharine Pear*,
Or Monſters animate in ſour ſmall Beer,

Serenely

ANNOTATIONS.

may be given to this Gentleman's Diſcoveries in Natural Philoſophy, we muſt conclude he himſelf is poſſeſs'd of Eyes infinitely more diſcerning than the reſt of the Virtuoſi; having found out ſuch Animalculæ, and their Method of Exiſtence, as no other Philoſopher ever did, or ever will, though aſſiſted by all the Helps of the moſt improved Microſcope, unleſs poſſeſs'd of the ſame Kind of Eyes: The viſual Rays to which are ſo ductile, that they not only are directed from real Objects, but from *no* Objects at all,——which Accompliſhment alone ſhould ſufficiently eſtabliſh this great Man as the Prince of Philoſophers, and empower him to correct and cenſure the Reſearches of others: As we muſt own the Eye that can *ſee* what is *inviſible*, is certainly more able to explore the Secrets of Nature, than that which can ſee only *what is to be ſeen*.——I find no Reaſon therefore to vary the Reading in the Text.

Line 11. *New Worlds diſcover in a Catharine Pear.*] Among the philoſophic Reſearches hinted in the preceding Annotation, take the following, made by this Gentleman on a rotten Pear.——

" It was but a very ſmall Portion of the covered Surface " of the Pear that could be brought within the Area of the " Microſcope, but this appeared, under its Influence, a wide " Extent of Territory: varied with Hills and Lawns, with " winding Hollows, open Plains, and ſhadowy Thickets."
INSPECTOR.

A very

Serenely trace their *fundamental Breath*,
Whilſt thy grim Lion grinds thy Foes to Death:
O let

ANNOTATIONS.

A very material Objection indeed ariſes againſt our Author, in reſpect that he calls it a *Catharine Pear*; as this Philoſopher in his Preamble to the Experiment, expreſsly ſays, it was a *French* Pear, in which we cannot think him miſtaken, as he took ſuch particular Notice of the ſaid Pear; for, ſays he, it was cut by a Perſon very fond of Pears, who out of that exceſſive Fondneſs eat a thin Slice, and reſerved the reſt to another Opportunity: That he cried *Pah!* at ſeeing it again when rotten, and that it was cut at the largeſt End.—*Vide Inſpector* 332. So that from theſe Circumſtances, we muſt remark this as an Error in our Author.

Line 13. *Fundamental Breath.*] Alluding to an Animal, which this profound Enquirer into Nature diſcover'd, whoſe Organs of Reſpiration are ſituated in its Fundament; and which continually ſwims with its Head under Water, and its Tail above, for fear of being drown'd. A very ſingular Kind of Creature it muſt be own'd; and it is preſum'd a very clean one: As to no other Part of its Body are aſſign'd the Offices which we ſhould readily ſuppoſe were thoſe of the Part mentioned. *Vide Inſpector*, 393.

In this Paſſage our Author, like other great Writers, it muſt be confeſs'd, doth not pay the ſtricteſt Regard to hiſtorical Truth: As the Monſter, here ſpoken of, is not ſaid to be engender'd in *ſmall Beer*; but was the polite Inhabitant of *Kenſington*.

Line 14. *Whilſt thy grim Lion grinds thy Foes to Death.*]

O let my humble Verſe, Attention claim;
Nor deem the Friend beneath the Poet's Name.

Bleſt in thy own *inſpectatorial* Stile,
You nobly ſcorn to hear the Numbers toil,

To

ANNOTATIONS.

Our Author ſeems to have an Eye to a very curious Piece of Hiſtory, in the *London Daily Advertiſer*, of *January* 8, 1752, which runs thus:

"We hear from the *Bedford Coffee-Houſe* in *Covent-Garden*, "that an unhappy Gentleman of that Neighbourhood, having Yeſterday Morning in wantonneſs, thruſt his Head into the Mouth of the Lion that reſides there, felt the Jaws "unexpectedly cloſe upon him: On this, enquiring with a "hollow Voice, whether he ſhook his Tail; and, being anſwered in the Affirmative, he begged the By ſtanders to "pray for him. A terrible Craſh was immediately after "heard; and, notwithſtanding the uncommon Reſiſtance of "the Skull, it is credibly reported, that the Teeth met "through it. He was immediately after conveyed home, "but his Surgeons are afraid the Wounds will prove mortal." Dr. Hill.

It is not material to conſider how much *Wit* or *Truth* is in this Paragraph, if it ſerves to give the Public a great Idea of the ſaid Lion.

Line 17. *Inſpectatorial Stile.*] A manner of writing peculiar to this great Man, which has ſo often been imitated by the

To ſee them fetter'd down to Mood and Tenſe,
And groan beneath the Infirmity of Senſe, 20
Void

ANNOTATIONS.

the ſuperficial Writers of the preſent Age; and which our Author ſeems to ſpeak of as inimitable. The Reader, if any ſuch there be, who is unacquainted with this Stile, will conceive ſome Idea of it from the following Specimens.——— Speaking of a little Rivulet or Ditch, he ſays;

" The tranſlucent Waves courſed one another down the " light Declivity, with an inexpreſſibly pleaſing Variety of " Form, and a confuſed but very ſoft Noiſe of bubbling, " laſhing, and murmuring, *among*, *againſt*, and *along* the " Inequalities and Meanders of its rough Sides, and various " Hollows."

Of a Pond he ſays,——" The Surface of the Baſon was a " poliſhed Plane, unfurrowed by the leaſt Motion, unruffled " by the gentleſt Breeze; the ſetting Sun threw a Glow of " pale Splendor over one Half of it, the reſt was ſilent " Shade."

On Weeds, *&c.* gather'd to one Corner of a Ditch.—— " The freſh Breeze had blown together into this Part of the " watery Expanſe, whatever floated *on or near* its Surface." ——How philoſophically exact *among*, *againſt*, and *along*.—*on or near*. At the ſame Time how poetical and florid! *Tranſlucent Waves*, *Meanders*, *gentleſt Breeze*, *the Glow of Splendor* and *Expanſe*. Hence Reader, if thou haſt perchance ſeen only the faint Imitations of this beautiful Stile, thou may'ſt conceive a more correct Idea of what our Author here ſo pathetically laments the Want of. Vide *Inſpectors* 311, 393, 429.

Void of Politeneſs, Elegance and Eaſe.
Ah! what is *Meaning* when compar'd with theſe!

How then ſhall I for thee preſume to ſing,
For thee, borne high on Fame's tenacious Wing,
Loſt to thy ſoft, harmonious, flowing lay,
And curs'd to *mean* whene'er I *ſing* or *ſay*.

Hear then, ye Daughters of immortal Jove!
By the ſoft Vows of your *Inſpector*'s Love,
If not, too jealous of each other's Flame,
You ſlight the Lover for a Rival's Claim;
Or,

ANNOTATIONS.

Line 24. *Fame's tenacious Wing.*] In this Line appears our Author's commendable Spirit of Modeſty in imitating great Men. This Expreſſion being evidently taken from the Motto on the *Lord-Mayor*'s Coach. *Pennâ metuente ſolvi. Vide* State Coach of Sir *Criſp Gaſcoine*: Alſo *Horace*'s Ode to *Criſp. Salluſt.*

Line 26. *And curs'd to mean whene'er I ſing or ſay.*] Our Author here ſeems, whether ironically or no, I leave to abler Critics, to complain of a Misfortune which he fears will prevent his Succeſs in Poetry, for no leſs a Critic and Poet than the great Mr. *Dryden*, ſays;

He who ſervilely creeps after Senſe
Is ſafe, but ne'er can reach to Excellence.

Or, if his Gallantry ſuperior charms,
And all the Nine, in concert, fill his Arms,
Like his familiar *Daphnes* here below,
Bleſſing at once the Poet and the Beau;
Hear and ſupport me in your Fav'rite's Cauſe,
Inſpire my Song, and crown me with Applauſe.

I ſing dire Faction and the cruel Strife
Of Bards that live, and Bards that write for Life;

Of

ANNOTATIONS.

Line 38. *Of Bards that live, and Bards that write for Life.*] I am appriz'd that this Line may be taken in a varied Senſe.——Some may imagine, that by a Man's *writing for Life* is intended his writing for a *Livelihood*; and that by Bards that *live*, are meant thoſe who live *independent* of writing; as it is expreſſed by this Line.

Theſe live to write, and thoſe muſt write to live.

A kind of Diſtinction which ſeems to have been handed down from that immortal Philoſopher, Lord Chancellor *Bacon*; who is ſaid to have complained to King *James* the Firſt, leſt he ſhould be reduced to *ſtudy* to *live*, rather than *live* to *ſtudy*. I cannot, however, think this our Author's Drift; but that by *writing for Life*, he meant, *writing as hard as one can drive*, and that he had in his Eye, that Part of the old Ballad of the *Wife of Bath*,

When Adam *heard her ſay theſe Words,*
He ran away for Life.

In

Of Fidlers, Coxcombs, Harlequins and Play'rs,
Phyſicians, Parſons, Fools, and dancing Bears. 40

Im-

ANNOTATIONS.

In which Caſe, as *Adam*, according to the Tradition, is in Paradiſe, or Heaven, he could not be ſuppoſed to run to preſerve his Life; ſo that it is clear our Author intended only to convey the Eagerneſs of the Purſuit of thoſe Bards, who, had the Meaſure allow'd, he might have ſaid,

Write AWAY *for Life.*

Line 40. *Dancing Bears.*] The Reader is not to take this Expreſſion literally, or think the Poet celebrates real, *four legg'd Bears*; or that he had any View to the famous *Urſi domeſtici mirabili*, that yielded the *Inſpector* an Opportunity of being ſo very witty laſt Summer, or to thoſe gentle Bruins that now expoſe themſelves by dancing Hornpipes in the Streets. It is plain he intends no more by the Word *Bear*, than as Sir ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR has defin'd that Appellation, in his compleat Modern Gloſſary.

Bear, a Country Gentleman, or any Creature on TWO *Legs that does not make a good Bow.*

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Neither doth our Author proceed only on *Precedent*, having alſo philoſophical Authority. For *Carolus Linnæus Suecus*, whom I muſt own I have never read,

" The firſt of natural Philoſophers, as the World with " Juſtice ſtiles him, and as he calls himſelf *Dioſcorides Secun-*

" *dus*

Immortal *Dulneſs*, honour'd on her Throne,
Beheld her Empire ſpreading o'er the Town;
Deſpis'd the Vacuum of her ancient Home,
Where whiſtling Winds pierc'd thro' the hollow Dome;
Forſook the *tatter'd Enſigns of Rag-Fair*,
And ſeiz'd th' unfiniſh'd *Manſion* of the *Mayor*.
Here flock'd her Sons, the ſleepy, blind, and dull,
Each vacant Brain and ev'ry ſolid Skull:

Repeated

ANNOTATIONS.

" *dus* in his *Syſtema Naturæ*, declares, that the Man and " Bear differ only as two Species of the ſame Genus. He " eſtabliſhes in that Work one of his Genera, under the " Name of *Anthropomorphæ*, that is, Creatures having the " human Form, and comprehends under it the *Bear*, the " *Man*, and the *Monkey*."

HILL.

Line 45. *Tatter'd Enſigns of Rag-fair.*] See *Pope's Dunciad*; on which the *Mythology* and *Machinery* of this Poem is, in a good Degree, founded.

Line 46. *Unfiniſh'd Manſion of the May'r.*] The Manſion-houſe.——It is not very clear, whether our Author intended here a Satire on the Imperfection and ill Deſign of that Building, or the ſlow Progreſs made in its Erection; but very probably both.

Repeated *Io*'s their full Joy expreſs'd,
And on the Tables ſmoak'd a City-Feaſt.
Shrieves, Wardens, Aldermen, their Brothers greet,
And each Broad-Bottom ſhook its trembling Seat:
Ev'n thicker Cuſtards did the Cooks afford:
More ſolid Puddings reek'd upon the Board.

The loving Mother then addreſs'd her Sons;
O Children! dear as Birth-day Odes or Puns!
Happy! thrice happy! am I thus to ſee
Your fond Attachment to yourſelves and me:
Nor ſhall I e'er ungratefully forget,
You ſcorn'd to make your *Chamberlain* a *Wit*.
No *Genius* here degrades your ſolemn Meeting.
Right! what has Wit or Senſe to do with eating!
O! ſtill

ANNOTATIONS.

Line 60. *Chamberlain, a Wit.*] On the Reſignation of Sir Sir *John Boſworth*, late Chamberlain of the City of *London*. Mr. *Glover*, whoſe diſtinguiſh'd Merit as a Gentleman, a Merchant, and a Scholar, might have juſtly entitled him to a much higher Poſt of Honour and Truſt, could not obtain the Succeſſion of that important Office.—I have heard ſome Critics condemn this Line as a forc'd Tranſpoſition.—I have, however, no Authority to alter it.

O! ſtill be zealous to ſupport my Laws,
And ſhare my Bleſſings in the good old Cauſe.

The Goddeſs ſpoke, and ſtrait her opiate ſhed,
And eke her potent Quinteſſence of Lead:
All felt its Pow'r, from Marſhal to the Mayor:
A double Portion fell to *Aſ——l*'s Share.
Then, in the Chair of State, ſhe took her Throne,
And all unanimous the Goddeſs crown.

Long

ANNOTATIONS.

Line 64. *Good old Cauſe.*] A Term made uſe of in almoſt all Caſes, and by all Parties; —— thus a Rebellion, and a Reſtoration, and the oppoſite to both, have been honoured with the ſame happy and ſignificant Phraſe.

SCHOLIAST.

Line 67. *Marſhal to the Mayor.*] The City-Marſhal, an inferior Office ſo called; and not the Name of a worthy Perſonage, as may be ſuſpected.

Line 68. *A double Portion fell to* A——l's *Share.*] Sir *C. A.* Knt. and A——n. At preſent remarkable for a very prudent Reſentment ſubſiſting between him and *Criſp Gaſcoine*, a Gentleman, who honours every other Title he poſſeſſes; before the Time of whoſe Mayoralty commences the *Æra* of this Poem.

Long live Queen Dulneſs, hoot her darling Owls,
Long live Queen Dulneſs, ſhout her fav'rite Fools.

When now behold, in glitt'ring Pomp, aſcend
A ſiſter Queen, a Goddeſs, and a Friend.

Immortal *Pertneſs*, ſprung from *Chaos* old,
Inconſtant, active, giddy, light, and bold,
Reſtleſs and fickle as her rumbling Sire,
Blind as her Mother, *Night*, could well deſire.

Wrought by ſome Pow'r divine, in equal Pride,
Her Throne aſcended by her Siſter's Side.

Where hunted Ducks traverſe the muddy Stream,
And Dogs initiate their Whelps to ſwim,
Monſters and Fools aſſemble once a Year,
And juggling *Hymen* celebrates May-fair,
This Goddeſs dwelt. Juſt rais'd above the Ground,
Her Palace varniſh'd Silver deck'd around.

Here

ANNOTATIONS.

Line 75, 76.] See *Popo*'s Dunciad.

Line 86. *Her Palace varniſh'd ſilver deck'd around.*] *May-fair Wells*, beautified in the manner of moſt Theatres with lacker'd

Here ſtood her Merc'ry, here ſhe nurs'd her Apes;
Here Magpies chatter'd in a hundred Shapes;
Jackdaws and Parrots join'd th' unmeaning Noiſe
Of Templars, Coxcombs, Prigs, and 'Prentice Boys.
Far, hence, the Goddeſs ſpread her Kingdom wide,
To *Dulneſs*, as in Birth, in Pow'r ally'd,
She, from her native *Grub-ſtreet* to *Rag-fair*,
South to the *Mint* and Weſt to *Temple-bar*,

Included

ANNOTATIONS.

lacker'd Silver, to repreſent Gold;——a Place reſorted to by Clerks and 'Prentices, to perform what they call private Plays to as many of their Acquaintance as they can crowd in, who come to laugh, and in their Turns to be laughed at. It was here Doctor *Hill*, in his younger Days, amuſed himſelf in the Science of *Spouting*. A Science ridiculed by one of their own Bards, in an Epilogue ſpoken at the *Haymarket*.

Nor is our Art to Houſe or Home confin'd,
We rave i'th' Streets, and bellow to the Wind.
Stentor *roar'd out one Day, down* Drury-Lane,
I'll call thee, Father, HAMLET, Royal Dane.
A Porter, *bleſt with Impudence and Eaſe,*
Cried, you be damn'd, Sir, call me what you pleaſe.

Line 87. *Here ſtood her Merc'ry, here ſhe nurs'd her Apes.*
HERE STOOD HER OPIUM, HERE SHE NURS'D HER OWLS.

DUNCIAD.

Included ev'ry garriſon'd Retreat;
Bedlam, *Crane-court*, the *Counters* and the *Fleet*.
Her Siſter boaſted as extenſive Sway,
Fierce *Broughton*'s bruiſing Sons her Pow'r obey,
St. *Giles*'s, *George*'s, and the famous Train
Of *Bedford*, *Bow-ſtreet*, and of *Drury-lane*;
Ev'n to the licens'd Park her Chiefs reſort,
And ſeize the Priv'ledge of great *George*'s Court.

Lo, *Dulneſs* now, half-riſing from her Throne,
Behold, my Sons, the Part'ner of my Crown;
Let my lov'd Siſter equal Honours ſhare,
Pertneſs, immortal Regent of *May-fair!*

She ſaid. The kindred Goddeſs all confeſs'd,
And equal Honours crown'd each royal Gueſt.

Their

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Line 99. St. *Giles*'s, *George*'s, *&c.*] I am ſomewhat at a Loſs to conceive why our Poet ſhould join the Sons of St. *Giles*'s; with the decent, well-dreſſed Critics of *George*'s, and the *Bedford*. It is true they may be ſuppoſed equally pert, but I imagine our Author has a much deeper Meaning. I therefore recommend this Paſſage to the Critics, hoping they will give ſome Hints to the Printer, againſt another Edition of this Work.

Their guardian Virtues in due Order ſtood,
Calm *Prudence*, *Temp'rance*, and ſtern *Fortitude*;
Poetic Juſtice held her Scale between,
And lean'd, by turns, the Beam to either Queen.
Now living Merc'ry Opium out-weighs;
Now ſolid Pudding kicks up empty Praiſe.

The Crowd, below, each varied Impulſe felt.
Part roar and ſing, and Part in Slumbers melt;
Grave Dons and ſkipping Coxcombs fill the Hall,
Theſe ſnore aloud, and thoſe ſtrike up the *Ball*.

At length the Tumult of the Night is o'er.
The Dozers ſleep, the Fiddles ſqueak no more!
The Morning-dawn o'ertakes the *quick* and *dead*;
And home the mighty Drunk are borne or led;
To Buſineſs theſe, to Pleaſure thoſe betake.
Theſe born to hoard a *Plumb*, and thoſe to rake.

Thus bear the ſiſter Queens united Sway;
And *pert*, and *dull*, their ſev'ral Pow'rs obey;

Al-

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Lines 109, 110.] See *Pope*'s Dunciad.

Line 124.] *Theſe born to hoard a Plumb.*] A *Plumb* means here, the full Sum of twenty thouſand Pounds.

Alternate Honours nod on either Plume,
And both by turns Pre'eminence aſſume.
Hence as one Blockhead ſunk at *Greſham* College,
Another roſe, of diff'rent Taſte and Knowledge.
As lov'd of *Pertneſs* was her dear *Rom-ne*,
As lov'd of *Dulneſs* is her own *Cock—ne*.
So when one Tutor *Cæſar*'s Heir forſook,
Another Tutor read another Book.

Now from their Throne they view'd their Empire round,
Where ſkim the *Shallow*, plunge the vaſt *Profound*,
In dancing Lyrics ſkip the ſcribbling Train,
Or plod in the lame, blank, laborious, heavy Strain:
Saw Journaliſts leave Journals in the Lurch;
Others revive the Science of the *Birch*,

True

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Line 131. *Dear R——ne.*] A reverend Gentleman, who, being honour'd with the Profeſſorſhip of Aſtronomy at *Greſham* College, attempted in his public Lectures to ridicule the *Newtonian* Philoſophy, and bring that Contempt on the Science which very juſtly fell on himſelf.

Line 132. *Own Coc—ne.*] Succeſſor to the aforementioned Gentleman, who will leave the Science and his Hearers exactly where he found 'em.

True ſcribbling Pedagogues uſurp the Laſh,
And give, like *Bayes*'s Thunder, Daſh for Daſh;
They ſaw *Guildhall* and *Weſtminſter* agree;
At both brow-beating *C——l* earn his Fee;
Smooth-ſpoken *L——d* with ev'ry Witneſs trudge,
And the ſleek *Council* ſpoilt into a *Judge:*
Saw the ſlow Biſhop, with expounding Drawl,
Leave poor St. *James* to graſp a richer *Paul*,

Right

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Line 144. *Brow-beating C——l.*] I can't think the Mention of this Gentleman here, ſhews any great Diſapprobation; as our Author confeſſes he *earns* his Fee, which is an Encomium our Pleaders at the Bar, in general, don't deſerve.

Line 145. *Smooth-ſpoken L—d, with ev'ry Witneſs trudge.*] Sir *R. L—d*, alluding to the manner of this Gentleman's pleading, which is, in general, with great Mildneſs intermixed with ſarcaſtical Smiles. His *trudging after Witneſſes* alludes to his ſumming up the Evidence, and his frequent Repetition of *I am inſtructed to ſay.*

Line 146. *And the ſleek Council ſpoil'd into a Judge.*] Juſtice *D——n*, eſteem'd an able adviſing Counſellor, which Station it ſeems our Author thought better became him than his later Dignity.

Line 147. *Saw the ſlow Biſhop with expounding Drawl*, &c.] Dr. *S—r*, L. B. of *O—d*, of a ſlow Delivery in the Pulpit.——He left the Rectory of St. *J—s*, where he uſed

Right Orthodox, maintains thoſe equal Sinners,
Who ſlight his Sermons, or refuſe him Dinners:
Saw *Newgate*'s Ordinary chatter on as faſt,
As if each Sermon was to be *his* laſt;
Degreeleſs Doctors, regular-bred Quacks,
In Merc'ry and in Opium all go Snacks:
Saw the *choice Spirits* noiſy Vigils keep,
And ſing their drunken Brethren faſt aſleep:

Block-

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to expound during the Winter, for the Deanery of St. *P—l*'s. ——He took great Offence at a certain Alderman in his Mayoralty, before whom he preached, becauſe his Lordſhip did not invite him to Dinner.

Line 151. *Newgate's Ordinary chatter on.*] The Contraſt between theſe two Divines is very high;—the Prelate addreſſing the moſt polite Audiences in Terms ſo homely, that he *who runs may read*, and ſo ſlowly, that he who crawls may keep up with him;—the *Ordinary* telling the moſt ignorant of all Wretches, that *Death is an opake Body, that eclipſes the Brightneſs of Eternity*, with all the Volubility of a School-boy.

Line 155. *Saw the choice Spirits noiſy Vigils keep.*] A kind of modern Bacchanalians, who diſtinguiſh themſelves by frequent, nocturnal Meetings; called by ſeveral Names, ſuch as *Comus's Court*, *Britiſh Carnival*, *High Borlace*, &c.—— The Scene is a Mixture of ſinging, drinking, blaſphemy, and Noiſe, as at the ancient Feaſts of *Bacchus*, among the

Heathens,

Blockheads and *Bloods* in Pit and Boxes roar,
Support a Pantomime and damn a *Moore*;
Arraign the Traitor *Garrick*'s Inſolence,
Who dar'd to ſatirize the Want of Senſe,

To

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Heathens, and very deſerving the Satire of a Chriſtian Poet. ——Their Prieſts are dignified with the Title of *Stars*, and their High-Prieſts by *Stars* of the *firſt Magnitude*; ſo that it is plain in what Eſteem this *Pagan* Worſhip is held. *O tempora! O mores!* And yet the Biſhops, and the Parliament, take no Notice of theſe Things, as if they were not.

J. Westley. *vivâ voce.*

What Mr. *Weſtley* remarks is undoubtedly very juſt, that the Clergy and the Parliament ſhould look into theſe outrageous Proceedings. But what will that reverend Divine ſay when I aſſure him, that not only Members of that high Court, but even Brothers of his own ſacred Function, are themſelves *Bacchanalians?*

Line 158. *Damn a Moore.*] Mr. *Moore*, a Poet of great Modeſty and Merit, both as a Gentleman and a Writer. His laſt Comedy, called Gil Blas, met with very unjuſt Treatment on the Stage; for, notwithſtanding it had many Faults, as he himſelf allows, the beſt Critic would not have condemned the Taſte of the Town, for giving it more Applauſe than they have beſtowed on many leſs-deſerving Pieces.—— His *Female Fables* are Maſter-pieces of good Senſe and Elegance.

To join with *Popery* and *France*, at once,
In *Powder-Plot*, to blow up ev'ry Dunce:
And leagu'd, to rob each free-born *Engliſh* Skull,
Of *Right* and *Priviledge* of being *dull*.
Saw Students, Play'rs and Taylors, Caſuiſts nice,
Diſcuſs vague Metaphyſics in a trice:
Part *Woolſton*, *Bolingbroke* and *Annet* foil,
And hold, unread, *Le Clerc*, *Van Dale* and *Moyle*,
In lukewarm *Middleton* find out a Flaw,
Staunch to the *Text* and *Kennedy* and *Law*,
Plain

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Line 167. *Annet foil.*] A Writer, who has publiſhed many Pieces after the manner of *Woolſton*, particularly about the *Trial of the Witneſſes*,—a virulent Oppoſer of the Chriſtian Syſtem.——He is now concerned in a periodical Pamphlet, called the *Free Correſpondent*.

Line 170. *Kennedy and Law.*] Two of the moſt ſingular and incomprehenſible Writers the World ever produced. Mr. *Kennedy* has wrote an aſtronomical Treatiſe deduced from the *Pentateuch*, in which he prefers the *Ptolemaic* Syſtem as next to that of *Moſes*, and gives Sir *Iſaac Newton*, *Copernicus*, *Tycho Brahe*, and all the reſt to the Devil.——He ſays, *The* Newtonian *Aſtronomer truckles to the Suggeſtions of the* Delphean *Tripod, and ſuffers himſelf to be juggled into an artificial Computation, by the Ambiguities of a Dæmon.*—A rare Fellow! Mr. *Law* is his Equal, for he confeſſes he has not his

Plain as a Pike-ſtaff make the Diff'rence clear,
Between a Knight o'th' Poſt and Knight o'th' Shire:
Others with *Locke* and *Newton* Truths diſpute,
Still blunder on, and ſtill themſelves confute,
Eſtrang'd as much from Reaſon as from God,
Miſtake *Ontologos*, and kiſs the Rod;
Aim at the Mark of Science, blindly wiſe,
So fire plump Buff-coats when they ſhut their Eyes,
Root

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his Light from Reaſon, nor writes to reaſon; he is indeed a ſeraphic Writer, and may poſſibly write for celeſtial Beings, for no Man can underſtand him.

Line 176. *Miſtake Ontologos.*] The Name prefixed to a Pamphlet, which made ſome Noiſe laſt Winter, and was called, *An Eſſay to prove the Soul of Man is not, neither can it be, immortal.* This Piece, tho' intended as a Satire on the ſceptical Reaſoning in vogue, and purpoſely ſtuffed with thread-bare Arguments, and worn-out Propoſitions, was ſwallowed by the Deiſts, who laviſhed Encomiums on its Author, 'till he vouchſafed to undeceive them by publiſhing as weak a Reply in the ſame Name, meerly to convince them how little he was in earneſt. It was attacked, however, from the Pulpit on all Sides, except from Mr. Orator *Henley*, who delivered an Elogium on its Author, remarking at the ſame Time, that he had not advanced his ſtrongeſt Arguments, for which, however, his Sagacity being at fault, he could not account.

Root up Religion, cancel *Good* and *Evil*,
At *Butcher-Row*, the *Queen's-Arms*, or the *Devil*. 180
They

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Line 180. *At Butcher-Row, the Queen's Arms, or the Devil.*] Places where a Company of People meet together to diſpute on the ſeveral Topics of Religion, Government, Trade, &c. Every Perſon, in his Turn, having the Liberty of ſpeaking a ſtated Time, as much, or as little to the Purpoſe as he pleaſes.——Sir *Alexander Drawcanſir* has fallen under a groſs Miſtake, in ſuppoſing the former of theſe Societies to have ſubſiſted ſome Ages ago; which, conſidering his Account is ſo juſt, in other Reſpects, is a little ſurpriſing. It is true he might be led into this Error, from the many abſurd Opinions and obſolete Expreſſions they make uſe of; but certain it is, it has not exiſted many Years, and doth ſtill exiſt,——the Fragments he has got *verbatim* are, however, really curious, one of which I cannot help inſerting here.

The Debate whether Religion was of uſe to Society.

——A worthy Member on this Occaſion got up, and ſpoke thus.

" I Ham of Upinion, that Relidgin can be of no youſe to
" any mortal Sole; bycauſe as why, Relidgin is no youſe
" to Trayd; and if Relidgin be of no youſe to Trayd, how
" ist youſefool to Soſyaty. Now nobody can deny, but that
" a Man maye kary on his Trayd very wel without Relid-
" gin; nay, and beter two, for then he may wurk won
" Day

They ſaw their Bards and Critics all appear:
Dull *Rolt*, long-ſteep'd in *Sedgeley*'s nut-brown Beer:

Kenrick,

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" Day in a Wik mor than at preſent; whereof nobody can
" ſaye but the ſeven is mor than ſix: Beſides, if we haf no
" Relidgin we ſhall have no *Pairſuns*, and that will be a
" grate Savin to the Soſyaty; and it is a *Makſum* in Trayd,
" that a Peny ſaved is a Peny got."

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Line 182. *Dull Rolt, long ſteep'd in* Sedgely's *nut-brown Beer.*] Mr. *Rolt*, Author of the *Weſtminſter* Journal, in which our Author, in the ſame Sentence with Mr. *Fielding*, had been treated with Abuſe: Likewiſe of ſeveral Poems and Pamphlets now forgotten, ſuch as the *Roſciad*, *Cambria*, the *Theatrical Conteſt*, *A Reply to Mr.* Fielding's *Diſcourſe on Robberies*, *a Monody on the Death of the Prince*, and *the Goſſip's Chronicle in the Old Woman's Magazine*. Our Author, with much Juſtice, has joined in the ſame Line *Ben Sedgely*, of *Temple-Bar*, ſometimes the Father of Mr. *Rolt*'s Pieces, and who is very proud of being eſteemed an Author, placing himſelf much higher than his Predeceſſor *Ward*, a Publican celebrated in the *Dunciad*, tho' not poſſeſſed of even half his Talents. *Ben* being really a very dull Fellow, and remarkable for nothing but emptying a Tankard.

ANON.

Kenrick, whoſe ſing-ſong Verſe the Ladies chuſe,
More honour'd by his Wenches than his Muſe:
Derrick

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Line 183. *Kenrick.*] A very young Poet, and a Pretender to almoſt all kinds of Writing.——It is the Misfortune of this Youth, that, unleſs he finiſhes what he goes about in a Day or two, the World never ſee it afterwards. He publiſhed a Monody on the Death of the late Prince, dedicated to the Counteſs of *Middleſex*.——His anonymous Pieces are numerous, and on various Subjects. He wrote the two Eſſays on the Immortality of the Soul, concerning which, ſee Note on Line 174. Alſo many other Diſquiſitions for the Exerciſe of his Pen, and to amuſe the Dabblers in Argument.——His *Old Woman's Dunciad* is an extraordinary Inſtance of that Impetuoſity of Genius, which, tho' redounding little to his Honour, is very offenſive to his Adverſaries.——Mr. *Smart* having advertiſed an *Old Woman's Dunciad*, and given out that this Writer would ſhare the Benefit of his Satire, he immediately wrote that Piece, and publiſhed it under the ſame Title. After which Mr. *Smart* never proſecuted his Deſign of publiſhing his Poem.——He is alſo the Author of innumerable poetical, philoſophical, and political Pieces, diſperſed up and down in the News-Papers and Magazines. It is no Wonder, however, he ſhould be ſo indefatigable a Writer, as he is perhaps the only one that never takes any Pains.

Derrick made fine with *Gentleman*'s lac'd Coat,
Ah! wherefore ſoil'd by *Murphy*'s cruel Foot!
Jones who intends to live at *Colley*'s Death,
So waits the good old *Laureat*'s parting Breath;
Has

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Line 185. DERRICK *made fine with* GENTLEMAN'*s lac'd Coat.*] Mr. *Derrick* and Mr. *Gentleman*, both Players and Poets. The former, Author of the *Dramatic Cenſor*, a very *modeſt* Work, in which the Errors and Inaccuracies of all our beſt Poets were to be pointed out. The latter, Author of *Sejanus*, a Tragedy, never acted; *Fortune*, a Rhapſody, and ſome other Pieces; particularly *Oſman*, a Tragedy, in Manuſcript.

Line 186. *By* Murphy'*s cruel Foot.*] *An Iriſhman that has kick'd me*, ſays Mr. *Derrick*. It ſeems this Gentleman, who ſometimes amuſes himſelf with the Pen, thinking Mr. *D.* unworthy his Reſentment, as an Author, diſciplin'd him in a manner a little too rough for his Conſtitution.

Line 187. *Jones, who deſigns*, &c.] a Poet, who addreſſed the Earl of *C———d*, when Lord-Lieutenant of *Ireland*, in a Copy of Verſes, which obtained him the Favour of that Nobleman, who brought him over to *England*. He publiſhed here a Poem on ſeeing the late Prince of *Wales*'s Picture, of which the Publick took little Notice. A Tragedy alſo of this Gentleman's, called, *The Earl of Eſſex*, has been long expected on the Stage.

Has made his *Threnody*, 'gainſt Fate ſhall end him;
'Cauſe *Cibber* to the *Bayes* did recommend him:
Tho' here the *Laureat*'s Policy is known:
Worſe Odes the better will ſet off his own:
Macklin religious, *Henderſon* polite,
Woodward, *The. Cibber*, and the Mimes that write:
With theſe, droll *Howard*, and laborious *Shiells*
With Mobs of *Boys* and *Parſons* at their Heels:

Saw

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Line 190. *To the Bayes did recommend him.*] Mr. *Cibber*, in a late Illneſs, wrote a Letter warmly recommending him to the Laurel, expecting hourly his own Diſſolution, which Epiſtle the honourable Perſonage, to whom it was addreſſed, eſteemed, as it really was, a remarkable Inſtance of the Laureat's Greatneſs of Mind and extraordinary Merit.

Line 193. *Macklin religious*, &c.] Mr. *Macklin*, a famous Player, and Author, particularly celebrated for his Harangues on religious Subjects, at the Oratory of the *Robin-Hood*.

Line 193. *Henderſon polite.*] Author of an Hiſtory of the late Rebellion in *Scotland*, and a Tragedy never acted.

Line 195. *Droll* Howard.] *Harry Howard*, an Author and Humouriſt, well known at the Routs and Aſſemblies of *Old-Street* and *Broad St. Giles's*.

Line 195. *Laborious* Shiells.] Author of the *Daily Gazetteer*; ſome Time ago, Amanuenſis to Mr. *Johnſon*. He is alſo Author of *Marriage*, a poetical Eſſay, and many other anony-

Saw *O——y*, without Excuſe for Bread,
Rake up the ſacred Aſhes of the Dead,
Traduce the Mem'ry of his once-lov'd Friend,
And brand the honour'd Name he ſhould defend:
Saw ſcribbling Stationers, and link'd with thoſe,
The Sons of Novel and poetic Proſe;
Long-winded *Richardſon*, with *Sm-llet* join'd,
D——y and *Crackat* puffing in the Wind;
With ſlattern Females traipſing up and down,
Searching Adventures, to amuſe the Town:
Saw puerile *Harvey* on a Cock-horſe ride;

With

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anonymous Pieces; alſo a great Orator at the *Butcher-Row*.

Line 197. Lord *O--r--y*'s Life of *Swift*.

Line 203. *Sm--llet join'd.*] Author of *Roderick Random*, *Peregrine Pickle*, the *Regicide*, a Tragedy, and ſeveral Tranſlations.

Line 204. *D——y* and *Crockat.*] Mr. *D——y*, Author of ſeveral dramatic Pieces. A Man of ſome Ingenuity, but more lucky in his Deſigns, than able to execute them. *W--r--r--n, vivâ voce.*

Line 207. *Saw puerile* Harvey *on a Cock-horſe ride.*] Mr. *Harvey*, Author of Meditations and Contemplations, a very *florid* Piece.

With *Gibbons*, *Boyce*, and fifty more beſide
The bawdy-ſcribbling *Knight*, the preaching *Lord*,
And what the Stews, the Shops, and Stalls afford.

All theſe the Siſter Queens, with Joy confeſs'd,
For lo! their Eſſence glow'd in ev'ry Breaſt!
But *Pertneſs* ſaw her Form diſtinctly ſhine
In none, Immortal *Hill*, ſo full as thine.
Drinking thy Morning Chocolate in Bed,
She ſaw thy *Daphne*'s Neck ſupport thy Head,
Saw thee ſlip on thy Night-gown and retire
To muſe profoundly by thy Parlour Fire:
By turns thy Slippers dangling on thy Toes;
Slippers that never were diſgrac'd from Shoes!
Saw where thy Learning, in huge Volumes ſtood,
Part letter'd Sheep, Part gilt and painted Wood;
Where thy lov'd *Antients* in Diſorder lay,
Daily perus'd, *for Mottos for the Day*;

Thy

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Line 208. *Gibbons and Boyce.*] Mr. *Gibbons*, by ſome called a ſecond Dr. *Watts*. See his *Juvenilia*.

Boyce, a ſecond Duck, according to the *Inſpector*. He has wrote a Comedy, a ſtrange Piece.

Thy *Ovid*, *Horace*, and thy *fav'rite Tully*,
Thy *Ainſworth*, *Bailey*, and thy well-thumb'd *Lilly*.
Saw where thy Maggots, in whole Myriads, riſe,
Or in thy Brain, or in thy dear Dirt-pies.

When

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Line 225. *Thy* Ainſworth, Bailey, *and thy well-thumb'd* Lilly.] It will ſeem ſomething ſtrange, that our Author ſhould join theſe Moderns ſo unluckily with the Ancients; as it is impoſſible he ſhould himſelf be ſo ignorant; and very unlikely the learned Perſonage he addreſſes ſhould know no better; ſince he himſelf remarks on illiterate Scribblers. "We ſhall ſee the modern Eſſayiſt, who has hardly Gram-"mar enough to arrive at Concord, larding every other "ſentence with ſome Tranſcript, from an Author it is im-"poſſible he ſhould have read, not becauſe it is neceſſary, "but becauſe it is *Greek*, for what he has been ſaying in "*Engliſh*."

It is true, a certain writer, who pretended to take off, or copy the Doctor's Writings exactly, did quote *Lilly*, and paum'd the Paſſage upon *Virgil*; but it is impoſſible to ſuppoſe an Author, who could cenſure others in the manner above-quoted, ſhould be guilty of ſuch Forgery.

SCHOLIAST.

Line 227. *Dear Dirt-pies.*] Dirt-pies, the Preparations for engendering Animalculæ.

When thus the Goddeſs of *May-Fair* beſpoke
Her royal Siſter. Gentle Siſter, look.
See where my Son, who gratefully repays
Whate'er I laviſh'd on his younger Days.
Whom ſtill my Arm protects to brave the Town,
Secure from *Fielding*, *Machiavel*, or *Brown*;
Whom

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Line 234. *Machiavel, or Brown.*] Our Author ſeems here to hint at the Plot carried on laſt Summer at *Ranelagh*, in which Mr. *Brown* was the principal Perſon concerned.—— Hear the Account of the Diligence uſed in detecting the Contrivers.

" Warrants were iſſued out on *Wedneſday* Night from " Mr. Juſtice *Lediard*, and early on *Thurſday* Morning from " the Right Honourable the Lord-Mayor, for apprehending " all the Perſons concerned with Mr. *Brown* in the Aſſault " upon Dr. *Hill*, on *Wedneſday* Night in the Paſſage at *Ra-* " *nelagh*. The Officers have been ever ſince in ſearch after " them, but none of them are yet taken. Yeſterday, at " Noon, the *Marſhals* of the *Lord-Mayor* entered the Cham- " bers which ſome Gentleman had lent to *Brown* in the " Temple: But he eſcaped the Search, by concealing him- " ſelf in a Coal-hole: About ten laſt Night he was ſeen to " go out muffled up in a Great-coat, and with a Handker- " chief tied over his Face. Notice was immediately ſent to " the City, and the proper Officers are poſted to wait his " Return.

Whom Rage nor Sword e'er mortally ſhall hurt.
Chief of an hundred Chiefs o'er all the *Pert!*

Reſcu'd

ANNOTATIONS.

" Return. The Servants of the Chambers, while he lay in " the Coal-hole, pretended he had early made his Eſcape, " and was by that Time far enough out of Reach. Such " Meaſures are now taken, that it will not be eaſy either " for him, or any of the reſt to get off, unleſs they have " already anticipated the Sentence of the Law by a volun- " tary Baniſhment. It would be well if the Police of *Paris* " were imitated here, and Accounts were taken of thoſe who " make the Appearance, or ſomething which they intend " ſhall be like the Appearance of Gentlemen, with no vi- " ſible Way of living." *H--ll.*

There were ſome People, however, who, knowing the Conſequence of this illuſtrious Perſonage, imagined the Scheme for depriving this Kingdom of his Pen and Services, much deeper laid than was generally thought, and that, notwithſtanding the trivial Pretence of a private Quarrel, the Politicians of the *French* King's Cabinet were no Strangers to the Proceſs of this Plot. This will appear very plauſible, if we reflect how, on a particular Occaſion, the great Mr. *Dennis* was diſturbed by a *French* Privateer, hovering about the Coaſt of *Suſſex*, in order to take him for writing a Pamphlet againſt the Intereſt of that Court. How the Doctor was offended at his Chriſtian Majeſty, or whether it be not out of Envy to this Kingdom itſelf, that this Plot was laid againſt its Inſpector-General, I can't determine.

SCHOLIAST.

Reſcu'd an Orphan Babe from *Common-Senſe*,
I gave his Mother's Milk to *Confidence*;
She, with her own *Ambroſia*, bronz'd his Face,
And chang'd his Skin to monumental Braſs:
This *Shame* or *Wit*, ſucceſsleſs, ſhall oppoſe,
Unleſs, ſo will the Fates, they ſeize his Noſe.
This luckleſs Part the young *Achilles* lick'd,
And tho' he cannot bluſh, he may be kick'd:
Yet ſtill his Pen provokes the Fates' Decree,
In Scandal dipt, and elemental Tea;
Still he rails on, and, when attack'd, replies,
Recants his own, and blabs his Neighbour's Lies;

Or,

ANNOTATIONS.

Line 248. *Recants his own, and blabs his Neighbours Lies.*] It is moſt ſurprizing the Incredulity of Mankind, that the Word of anonymous Authors ſhould be taken before a Man's own Hand-writing. Dr. *H*— is accuſed of being a great Liar, nay, this Opinion has ſo far prevailed, that his own Acknowledgment of finding himſelf in an Error, has been thus cenſured in an Epigram.

What H--ll *one Day ſays, he the next does deny,*
And candidly tells you,—'tis all a damn'd Lie:
Dear Doctor,—this Candour from you is not wanted;
For why ſhou'd you own it?—'tis taken for granted.

Now

Or, guiltleſs of Deſign, as Madmen fight,
Falls foul on Friends or Foes, or wrong or right;
Humane to ſpare when forc'd himſelf to run,
As *C-pe* once ſav'd the grateful Mother's Son.

Such

ANNOTATIONS.

Now the Doctor himſelf ſays, *There is no Vice ſo univerſally deteſted as falſehood*, and takes for the Motto of his Paper, *Juvenal's Confeſſion. I know not how to tell a Lie.*——Surely, ſurely, thoſe who thus accuſe the Doctor muſt be miſtaken, or the Doctor muſt ſtrangely miſtake his own Talents and Abilities.

SCHOLIAST.

Line 251. *Humane to ſpare*, &c.] It is certainly the moſt convenient thing in Life to make a Virtue of Neceſſity, and conclude, when it is out of our Power to revenge, *there is not any thing ſo virtuous, as to forgive an Injury.*

INSPECTOR, No. 553.

Line 252. *As C--pe preſerv'd the grateful Mother's Son.*] A grave Lady of the Order of Mendicants, craving Charity of General *C--pe*, to excite his Liberality, pleaded her Gratitude for Favours received, and poured Bleſſings on him for being the Preſerver of her Son's Life. On which the General had Curioſity enough to enquire who her Son was, and how he could be inſtrumental in ſaving his Life.—Ah! God bleſs your Honour, returned ſhe, *when you ran away at* Preſton-Pans, *my Boy ran after you, or he would certainly have been killed.*

EDINBURGH TOWN-TALK.

Such is his Pen, and ſuch this Son of mine,
Then ſhed thy Opium, and adopt him thine;
Let him exalted o'er our Empire reign,
From *Shepherd's-Market* e'en to *Roſemary-lane*:
Tibbald dethron'd, thy *Dunciad* Reign is o'er,
Thy *Gildon*, and thy *Toland*, are no more.

Thus ſpoke the Queen, and pauſing for Reply,
Her Siſter roll'd her broad, lack-luſtre Eye,
And thus return'd. O *Pertneſs!* Goddeſs! Queen!
With whoſe my Reign has e'er conſiſtent been,
O had thy Thought anticipated mine!
So witneſs *Jove* I honour thy Deſign!
My Opium then had fill'd his ſhallow Skull,
And all the *pert* had bow'd with all the *dull*.
But ſee my darling Son, whom I have choſen,
Chief of my Chiefs among an *hundred Dozen*,
With Cyder muddled, or inſpir'd with Bub,
In *Newb'ry*'s Garret, or in *Henly*'s Tub,
With Coachmen, Coblers, and ſuch dainty Folks,
For Mugs of Porter, pun and crack his Jokes;
In ſacred Verſe, at my own *Cambridge* riſe,
Write by himſelf and bear from *all* the Prize;
As oft *poor Jack*, his Brother Wit hath done,
Ran for a Wager with himſelf, and won:

For

For him the regal Sceptre I deſign,
As worthy thy diſtinguiſh'd Love as mine.
Me, he confeſs'd, tho' nurs'd by *Common Senſe*,
Tho' *Wit* and *Genius* held him in Suſpenſe,
Thy *Hill*, from Gratitude, obeys thy Laws,
My *Smart*, from Love and Rev'rence to our Cauſe:
Yet, that due Merit meet its due Renown,
That he who beſt deſerves may wear the Crown,
Nor theſe our darling Chiefs, from partial Care,
The higheſt Honours of our Empire ſhare,
Let all our Sons, in Emulation, riſe;
And he who moſt atchieves ſhall claim the Victor's Prize.

Line 282. *My Smart*, &c.] Mr. *Smart*, a Perſon of real and great Genius.

INSPECTOR, No. 350.

It is true, Mr. *Inſpector* gives another Account in ſome ſucceeding Papers of this real and great Genius, concerning which, ſee Notes on our ſecond Book.

THE END.

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